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CHRONICLE.

THE rumours about Lord Rosebery's intended resignation, which have been so busily flying about during the week, seem to have no substantial basis. He is a nervous man, with a habit of insomnia; it may easily be that under the depressing influence of his late illness, which was aggravated by almost total sleeplessness for a fortnight, he cried out against the fatuity of keeping his neck under a burden which no friend sought to make lighter, and of clinging to an office which brought with it only anxiety and disappointment. This would be an intelligible mood in a sick man, and it would not be surprising if some expression of it found its way to listening ears. But between that and the calm decision of a man who has recovered his health to lay aside the foremost political dignity of his country, a considerable gulf is fixed. Lord Rosebery does not produce the impression of a man who resigns things. None the less, the suspicion that he had retirement in view was responsible for much agitation within his party. The obvious notion that if he went out, Sir William Harcourt would succeed him, was too easy for the ingenious disseminators of this suspicion. They hinted at no less a successor than Mr. Gladstone himself, who was to return rejuvenated from Cannes at Easter time to preach a new crusade for the rescue of the Armenian from the unspeakable Turk. It seems that Mr. Gladstone's eyesight is completely restored, and that his bodily health is excellent. The only drawback is his hearing, which it is feared has become affected. But for this, who knows?

The latest great strike, or, more properly, lock-out, is fortunately lacking in most of the sentimental attributes which go to confuse judgment in such matters. The boot and shoe trade has been brought to a standstill, and many thousands of workmen thrown into idleness, in order that a strictly technical dispute may be fought out between masters and men. No question of ill-treatment, or of the living-wage, is in the remotest degree involved; for which all may be thankful. In its essence, the quarrel is as old as the hills, or at least such hills as were contemporary with the first rude beginnings of labour-saving machinery. In the making of the modern shoe, machinery has been carried by the Americans to an almost incredible point of subdivision, and twenty or thirty different kinds of specialists, each doing his one little act toward the completion of the finished product, have been bred from the original all-round cobbler. These persons have gradually built up a most complicated system of ethics governing their several relations to one another, and to their respective machines, and to the shoe which jointly they are to make; and every time a new machine is invented this whole intricate arrangement gets out of gear. Some obscure pretext for friction was discovered by certain ingenious and apparently overpaid operatives in a few factories in Leicester and Northampton. The

masters could not give way, because to do so would have sanctioned the principle that they were merely spectators in their own shops. The trade unions, against the advice of their own leaders, took up the cause of the mutinous operatives. At a belated stage of the dispute, there was talk of arbitration, but the Labour Members in the House admit the force of the masters' rejoinder that really there was nothing to arbitrate upon. The contest, therefore, is narrowed down to a test of strength and endurance between the federation of manufacturers and the trades union, on a purely trade issue. It may very likely become a nuisance, all the same, before it is ended, and it does undoubtedly lay the English industry open to lasting injury from foreign competition.

Mr. Chamberlain's speech on the County Council elections, at the meeting of the London Municipal Society on Wednesday, was almost equal in stupidity to his Stepney oration, the result of which, as the chairman, Lord George Hamilton, felicitously remarked, "was shown in the single unsatisfactory poll declared in the East End." Municipal government, as Mr. Chamberlain well knows, is a matter of administration, and in the practical business of government men who work together are infinitely to be preferred to men who quarrel on party lines. Mr. Chamberlain wishes to see the municipal elections fought on political grounds, and yet expects political opponents when elected to work together harmoniously. It is hard for a man of Radical training and mind to fight for a Conservative cause without now and then condemning himself out of his own mouth.

If President Cleveland had seen fit, in the exercise of his discretion, to convene the new Congress in extra session on 4 March, when it came into being, instead of allowing it to wait for its statutory meeting next December, we should probably have heard a good deal by this time about the conspiracy of European nations to boycott American produce, which seems to be powerfully exercising the Transatlantic mind. Our own sins in this matter are limited to occasional and sporadic restrictions relating to the hoof-and-mouth disease in cattle; but on the Continent an active anti-American intrigue is shutting out pork and tinned meats, and piling up tariff walls against the admission of cereals, until Brother Jonathan begins to suspect seriously that the whole world is in league against him, and to talk of a "retaliatory policy." The phrase has a queer sound. For thirty years the United States have exhausted ingenuity in penalizing European imports into their country. An ex-President, Mr. Harrison, was elected seven years ago at the close of a campaign, during which he repeatedly declared that the true American policy was to sell freely in other peoples' markets but to buy nothing except at home. The existing Wilson Tariff is in reality only a partial and unsatisfactory modification of that policy, and nothing but the certainty of the President's veto could prevent a return by the new Congress next

winter to the full proscription of all foreign trade aimed at by the McKinley Tariff. Under these circumstances, one wonders what Americans think a "retaliatory policy" means. As Europeans understand the phrase, they have never had any other since 1865.

Dr. R. W. Dale, the well-known Congregationalist minister, who died at Edgbaston on Wednesday, was a man of some force of character. As a young man he openly attacked in the pulpit the doctrines of human depravity through original sin and a terrible eternity of punishment, doctrines which were strongly insisted upon by his colleague, the celebrated Mr. J. A. James; and he showed the same courage in later life in his conversion to Unionism. He was a good preacher and a voluminous writer; in fine, a clear-headed, energetic, average man, with a gift for public speaking.

The word is being passed round in Paris that as soon as the Chamber of Deputies passes the Budget, now nearly through, the Ribot Ministry is to disappear, and M. Waldeck Rousseau is to form a new Cabinet. No one takes the trouble to suggest the occasion for this shuffling of the cards, nor indeed are there ever wanting occasions for these prearranged convulsions in French parliamentary life. The rumour seems to reflect closely the desires of reactionary politicians generally, by which we mean both those who sincerely distrust a Radical *régime* and those who are anxious that there may be no more judicial inquiries into railway, journalistic, and other scandals. But it seems doubtful whether an open majority can be obtained in the Chamber in support of such a coalition, headed by a gentleman of the bar who has been at such pains to identify himself with the emotions of his clients, the Panamists and the like, as M. Waldeck Rousseau. Moreover, the suggestion imputes a more adventurous, not to say defiant, spirit to President Faure than he has given signs thus far of possessing.

Sir Hercules Robinson is to go to the Cape, after all, and his sailing is set down for 11 May. As a matter of course, he has given notice of resignation of his position as a director of the De Beers Company and its two associated organizations, and has sold such shares in them as he held. In so doing, the *Times* is sanguine enough to believe "it will be generally admitted that he has done much to remove the only serious objection that could be urged against the appointment." That is not our feeling. He cannot at will dispose of the prepossessions in favour of the whole Rhodesian policy, which coloured his last administration in South Africa, and made him, upon his return to London, its most natural figurehead here. Even if he could command the coldest and most absolute impartiality, his years are against him. An old man in any case can do very little with the tremendously exacting and arduous tasks awaiting a Governor and High Commissioner at the troubled Cape. An old gentleman in Mr. Cecil Rhodes's pocket offers an even less satisfactory object for contemplation.

No one can fail to be impressed by the oddness of the fact that Worth, the world-famous dressmaker of Paris, whose death has set loose all the fountains of gossip this week, should have been a Lincolnshire boy, born and bred among the sober traditions of the Fen country, which are not much different now from what they were when the Puritans left it, centuries ago, to set up the conscientious theocracy of the Massachusetts Colony. Worth was a characteristic product of the Second Empire, which was excessively kind to foreigners. The Spanish-born Empress and her bosom friend, the Polish Princess Metternich, made American dentists and Viennese fiddlers and all sorts of other strangers the vogue in Paris. These vanished with Sedan, hardly to return again; but Worth's fortunes were founded upon a rock which revolutions cannot shake, or communes undermine. Even in the Reign of Terror, people took extraordinary pains with their clothes. So Republican Paris had as much need of Worth as the Imperial capital had had, and the other Republic across the ocean sent its daughters to bow before his shrine in undiminished numbers, and the Lincolnshire lad became

a millionaire, lamenting to the end that the gracious lady, whose subject he remained, was the only Queen in Europe who had never given him an order.

Although British research and acumen have played their full part in the wonderful development of scientific knowledge and its application to material uses, which distinguish our generation, our wise men have hardly held their own with others in the matter of exploiting the possibilities of electricity. Edison's peculiar talent has given America almost a monopoly of what may be called the show forms of advance in this direction; but Germans, Frenchmen, and even Russians, have beaten us in other branches of inquiry into this great subject. Our Canadian kinsmen, however, have done their best to redress the balance. They have discovered that electricity, generated on the American side of the Niagara chasm and conducted by wires to the Canadian side, is an "unenumerated article" from a tariff point of view, and must pay an import duty of 20 per cent. The discovery is unique in its way, and the Dominion is entitled to sole credit for it.

It is pleasant, says Lucretius in a well-known passage, when a great storm is raging, to gaze from the vantage ground of *terra firma* upon the toiling and hardship of one's neighbour battling with the sea. So it is not without a secret feeling of satisfaction that the person who has hitherto escaped the plague of the day is wont to contemplate the havoc wrought among those struck down by it. When, however, the rate of mortality reaches 41.2 per thousand, as it did in London last week, it may well be that our philosopher's satisfaction will be tempered by some anxiety for his own safety.

The departure of Mr. G. W. Smalley from London to begin life over again, as it were, in his own country, is an event worth noting. He came to Europe, if we remember aright, to report for his newspaper the events of the Austro-Prussian war of 1866, and did not go back. For a long time he has been the *doyen* of the group of foreign journalists quartered as a corps of observation in our midst, and long ago, too, he grew to be the least foreign of them all. This fact has not been invariably counted to his advantage on the other side; but here at least we preserve the memory of a series of intelligent and kindly though candid commentaries upon us and our doings, extending over thirty years, with nothing but satisfaction. The circumstances of his departure, too, are interesting. He is to represent the *Times* in New York, and this tardy recognition by a great London paper of the importance of America as a "news-centre," equal in value to at least Madrid or Sofia, is a welcome sign that we are waking up.

Mr. Leonard Courtney would have made an excellent Speaker, as he was an excellent Chairman of Committees, with a great reserve force of character, which cannot be looked upon as unnecessary; but a small knot of Radicals, with characteristic intolerance, have intimated their intention of voting against him, and thereby put an end to his chance. Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, it is now stated, is willing to be nominated as Mr. Peel's successor: he will, no doubt, make a good Speaker, and he is liked and esteemed in all parts of the House. Sir Matthew White Ridley, though an estimable country gentleman, is not to be compared in fitness for the Speakership with Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, and still less with Mr. Courtney. How greatly Mr. Peel has enhanced the dignity of the office may be seen from the fact that the man who has no serious rival in the succession to the leadership of the Separatists is willing to act as Moderator in the Assembly he might have led.

We hear that Mr. Redford is to be the new Censor of Plays. His qualifications from a democratic point of view are unimpeachable: he is utterly unknown; he has written nothing, and given no proof either of knowledge or of capacity; he was able to serve under the late Mr. Pigott for years contentedly, and yet he was not Mr. Pigott's child.

GOVERNMENT BY DEMOCRACY.

THE results of government by democracy seem to astonish even the most convinced democrats. In spite of the warnings of experience accumulated in France and in the United States, and also in our own colonies, these gentlemen began by presuming that a democracy would show a preference for those who honour King Demos with an exclusive and vociferous loyalty. They have found, to their intense astonishment, that the democracy appear to like dukes even better than demagogues. The recent County Council election marks a further step in their enlightenment. It is not denied that the Progressives in the late County Council had deserved well of the people. While raising the wages of workmen to the highest level of the trades unions, they had tried to consult economy by eliminating the contractor, and had achieved their end by themselves doing the contractor's work. They had increased the rates, it is true; but then rates are bound to increase, as the ratepayer knows; and the Progressives cheered themselves with the belief that they had done so much to equalize the burden that the increase of weight would pass unnoticed: St. George's Hanover Square had been compelled to help St. George's in the East. It must be admitted that the Stalwarts had tried with all their might, in these and other ways, to raise the wages of the lowest class and to diminish the pressure of public burdens upon the poor. It is true that their success was not commensurate with their efforts, was, indeed, rather a matter of faith than of proof; the fault, however, was not with them but with the stubborn nature of things. Working along lines of less resistance they achieved something in the way of multiplying open spaces, which constitute the playgrounds of the poor. Besides, they had a programme magnificent in promises: they were going to do away with the old corrupt City, and to bring about the unification of London government by a process which must materially increase their resources; they were attempting, too, to buy out the water companies, and hoped, by diminishing the immense expenses of separate management, to realize profits that would allow them to erect a new Council Hall worthy of their splendour. They had left nothing undone to secure a continuance of their reign. If they could not make Piccadilly and Regent Street passable for decent persons by night, they could at least conciliate the nonconformist conscience by shutting up the Empire bar. But all their efforts were fruitless. The people in their majesty sent a round number of Progressives about their business and elected Moderates in their stead; the majority of John Burns was diminished by some 1200, and Sir John Hutton could only beat Sir Blundell Maple by 25 votes. Ever since the event the Progressives have been trying to explain it. Mr. Price Hughes sees in it the triumph of the Devil, and, conscious of rectitude, frees his soul with cursings. But the moral of the whole business is that it is inexplicable.

The judgments of a democracy can never be accounted for. Where all are ratepayers, as in the United States, a political party can pay off an immense national debt in the course of twenty years and yet lose the support of the voters, or it can increase pensions in the most shamefully extravagant fashion without affecting its position. And in France politicians have had the same experience. After the revelations of the Panama swindle, it was supposed that the thrifty French voter would make a clean sweep of the old Chamber, and elect only men of character and position. But nothing of the sort took place. Some of the most doubtful men were triumphantly re-elected, whilst not a few of the most honourable were ignominiously defeated. No services can win the gratitude of the many, no injuries alienate their favour.

Though it is fairly understood now that a democracy cannot be won by measures, it is still supposed by some that the people have a keen eye for men, and that they do discriminate between able men and mediocrities, and have a decided preference for the more gifted. This opinion is not only unsupported by experience, but is in almost direct contradiction to facts as we know them. In the United States it has long been accepted as a truism that no man of commanding ability or character stands any chance of being elected as President. The

Clevelands and Harrisons succeed each other with the mechanical regularity of automata, and no one who has not got an eye for the infinitely little can distinguish between them or differentiate them from the mass of their fellow-citizens. And in France the same lesson can be even more easily read. The Empire had left certain aristocratic traditions in favour of ability which persisted long after the third Republic had been established, and consequently we find Marshal Macmahon succeeding M. Thiers; but Macmahon had to resign before his term expired, and then commenced the *dégringolade*. Father Grévy, one would have thought, was near enough to mediocrity to excite contempt rather than hostility; but Carnot was a Grévy purged of kindliness, and distinguished only by the accident that his grandfather was known. Then came Casimir-Périer, with nothing but wealth to recommend him, and now appears M. Félix Faure, the perfect type of the ordinary French *bourgeois*, who has just been reproved by the *Figaro* for making his office too cheap by untimely familiarities. The masses conceive their ruler in their own image, and insist upon his sharing their own amiable weaknesses. But among the servants who resemble him, King Demos chooses with the impartiality of momentary whim; and this is recognized to-day in London. Did not paper after paper ascribe the defeat of the Progressives to the necessity they were under of declaring just before the election that the new rate would be a penny in the pound higher than the old? And did not the journals on the other side complain bitterly that Sir John Hutton threw open another playground to the people of London within a week of the polling day? Evidently the appointment is supposed to be given to him who can at the last moment catch the monarch's eye.

The proper name of King Demos is King Unreason, and that is why his reign is usually short and his end violent. Naturally enough, the revolt against democracy is headed by ability. When a real king appears, he finds all the captains of industry and of the arts on his side, and there is practically no ordered resistance. At the psychological moment, as Carlyle long ago saw, the opposition is such opposition as stubble offers to fire; for King Unreason soon disgusts every one with his rule. Even his own chance favourites recognize that their position is due not to their powers or services, but to the whim of the moment and to blind chance; and to blind chance and to incalculable whim no one on this earth owes gratitude.

MR. SPEAKER PEEL.

THE traditional aspect of the House of Commons was greatly altered by the retirement of Mr. Gladstone a year ago. It threatens to change altogether with the disappearance of Mr. Speaker Peel. So long as the venerable Member for Midlothian remained at his post, his mere presence sufficed to give the assemblage an effect of historic continuity. His reverend mien and elaborately old-fashioned manners and forms of speech constituted visible ties with the past. Whenever he was in the House, speakers instinctively addressed their remarks to him, and the others looked at him, thinking that here was a man who had known Canning, and held office under William IV., and watched the entire unfolding of Disraeli's strange career, and worked in Cabinets with Peel and Palmerston. The sight of him, sitting on the Front Bench between Sir William Harcourt and Mr. John Morley, seemed to invest ordinary men and ordinary proceedings with something of the dignity and impressiveness of his own ancient associations and experiences. He had been the colleague of men who remembered Burke and Pitt, and the thought of this brought the whole House into conscious kinship with those great shadows. When he went away, people in Parliament, and out of it, began to realize for the first time that his lingering on had perpetuated an illusion. The House of Commons, in its character and spirit and relations to the electorate, had become something quite different from the House which Brougham, and even Lord John Russell, knew. The change might be for the better or the worse, but change of a fundamental kind had taken place.

The departure of the Speaker will complete the

revelation of this change. It will not be possible for Mr. Courtney, or any other successor, to prevent the House of Commons from rapidly becoming in outward appearance and demeanour what it already is in substance: a Chamber of Deputies elected by a democratic suffrage, and controlled by partisan groups. That Mr. Speaker Peel should have succeeded in concealing this fact points to the possession of really remarkable qualities. It was play-acting, to be sure, but of that high order which touches upon the domain of poetry and invokes the enthusiasm of the devotee. He felt his part with a passionate fervour which impressed itself upon the whole House. The most mediæval court in Europe does not boast a chamberlain or herald with a finer faith in the value of ceremonial symbolism, or a more loving eye for details of etiquette and procedure. The loiterers in the outer lobby at Westminster may see for nothing each day a procession in which the chief figure bears himself with a loftier histrionism than any master of rites at Potsdam or in the Hofburg. The few traces of old-time pageantry which survive in the House of Lords are poor things indeed by comparison with the splendid fashion in which the formal business of the popular House has been stage-managed. These circumstantial trappings, moreover, were the husk enclosing a kernel of high value. The Speaker insisted upon ideals for the House not less than for himself, and the House, under the influence of his authority, has honestly tried, in its confused and stumbling way, to live up to those ideals. He was felt by all to be in himself an ideal—the best Speaker that anybody could imagine. It is said, with truth, that the tendency of his term of office was to gather into the hands of the Speaker more powers than belonged there of right, or than could be entrusted with safety to a weaker man. But though individuals grumbled, the collective body was glad to acquiesce in this aggrandizement of the Speakership. It was only by that means that the House could protect itself from its own impulses to abandon pretence, and behave in its true character as an overgrown County Council. This, we fear, it must come to soon enough now.

Foreign students of public life in London during the past dozen years, have arrived at a curious unanimity in discovering in Mr. Speaker Peel the choicest embodiment of what they meant by the word "aristocratic." In the somewhat shapeless controversy now proceeding over the selection of his successor, it may be noticed that the same term is used in cataloguing the qualifications of a perfect Speaker, though it is admitted freely that no one else can hope to be quite so aristocratic as the present incumbent. The employment of the word is interesting. It would have occurred to no one, fifty years ago, to think of a Peel as an aristocrat. It is, of course, one of the commonplaces of English political retrospect that thousands of good stout loyal country gentlemen went to their graves in the belief that the Corn Laws never would have been repealed if Sir Robert had been born a gentleman. The Peels were Lancashire spinners or something of that sort; well meaning people, no doubt, but entirely middle-class, and the baronetcy obtained by their founder in 1800 did nothing whatever to alter this view of them, universally entertained by the squirearchy of the first half of the century. The progress of their expansion towards the peerage had been, however, already begun. Three of their men had married the daughters of peers before the year 1830. Three others have made like marriages since, and four daughters of the family have become the wives of noblemen. A remarkably virile ambition is revealed in the history of this family, joined with much practical ability in the way of gratifying it. Out of a total effective of thirty-two males, twenty-nine have done something or got something. Eight have been salaried officials under the crown, seventeen have been generals, colonels, majors, or captains in the army, and four have achieved promotion in the Church. All this provides an instructive object lesson in British sociology. The English State, and the English social structure, have been built up in this way, by families starting with some strong original impetus of genius, or courage, or mere well-ordered capacity for affairs, and pressing their way forward to the goal of Debrett, making history as they went.

An exceptionally impressive object-lesson is furnished by the Speaker himself. He has always thought of himself as a Liberal, and, save for the single and detached issue of Home Rule, has apparently been in full sympathy with the Gladstonian policy which within the past thirty years has revolutionized Parliament and parties alike. He finishes his active career by going to the House of Lords, and he goes thither with the consciousness, plainly enforced by all the comment accompanying the change, that it is only his innate Conservatism, his reverence for old ideas and forms, his "aristocratic" temperament, if you like, which has thus long prevented the democratic flood from bursting over the barriers of Parliamentary tradition, and levelling everything inside Westminster to the standards of the Northampton boot-maker and the small shopkeeper of Hoxton.

THE NAVY ESTIMATES.

THE Navy Estimates for 1895-96, as explained by the published statement of the First Lord of the Admiralty, and by the speech of the Civil Lord in the House of Commons on Tuesday, have proved to be, upon the whole, so much more satisfactory than was generally expected that they have almost silenced parliamentary criticism. The building programme includes the laying down of ten cruisers and twenty torpedo-boat destroyers; and, simply because an opinion had previously gained currency that Lord Spencer would propose to construct somewhat fewer ships than this, the entire Admiralty scheme has been received by the unthinking mass with such a chorus of surprised approval that the voices of the really competent judges who are conscious of its weaknesses and defects have failed, both in and out of the House, to make themselves properly heard above the din. M. Lockroy's well-meant but indiscriminate and ill-informed praise of the way in which we manage these matters in England has also been not without its effect. Our national pride is readily flattered; our watchfulness is easily lulled; and the result is that proposals, which ought to have been vigorously assailed, have been welcomed, save by the more thoughtful few, as exceeding all that the country had dared to hope for.

The projected proportions of some of the new cruisers ought to have been obstinately objected to, since they will materially tell against the speed of the vessels. But, so far as the building programme is concerned, criticism of the estimates ought to have been more specially focussed upon the proposal to fit water-tube boilers to all the new craft. This proposal is the most unjustifiable and indefensible of any that have figured in recent naval estimates. The argument is that water-tube boilers have been found to give good results when used in mail steamers, and, under peace conditions, in small craft like the *Speedy* and the *Rattlesnake*, and that therefore they must be suitable for large cruisers in time of war. Never was argument more fallacious. A mail steamer runs regular passages of a given length at a given speed, and, in the intervals, lies in port with ample leisure to clean, and, if necessary, to repair or even to renew her tubes. But a cruiser in war time will do work of no regular or predetermined character. She will be always wanted. She will have no leisure for lying up. She will often have to be put at extreme speeds. And in such circumstances it may be safely said that no cruiser supplied with water-tube boilers will be able to keep the sea for long without breaking down. Tubes will get foul, and will leak, if they do not actually burst, and then the boilers will have to be thoroughly overhauled, the ship in the interim remaining useless. It is no secret—and surely it is a significant fact—that at least one of the great British makers of water-tube boilers is of opinion that these boilers are not the most suitable for vessels that may be called upon to run great distances at top speeds, and that good locomotive boilers will, in the long run, be found more satisfactory. For craft that are needed only for occasional short and sudden dashes, the water-tube boilers may be as suitable as for vessels running regular periodical passages; but for fast cruisers they are eminently unsuitable. All their merits will appear during peace; all their disadvantages will be felt during war. Mr. Wolff's short and sober speech on this point was an excellent one, but the House failed

to understand the importance of the question; and, having evidently been led by Mr. Allan's and Sir. E. Harland's rambling and ill-ordered remarks to suspect that the defects of water-tube boilers had been exaggerated by those gentlemen, seemed to imagine that Mr. Wolff's oratory was of the same order. Mr. Forwood was as sound as Mr. Wolff; but Mr. Forwood is a shipowner, and not a shipbuilder, and, although he happens to know a great deal about engineering, his views on engineering questions carry little weight in an assembly which, as a body, is absolutely ignorant of such matters. It is to be hoped that ere the shipbuilding vote be reached, the subject, which is of the highest moment, will be more seriously debated, for water-tube boilers have never yet been tested in British cruisers of considerable size, and it does not require an engineer to tell us that to fit untried boilers of any type to ten or a dozen large ships at once is to court disaster, even if the boilers be really as good as their advocates would have us believe.

The Admiralty proposals relative to the *personnel* of the navy seem to call for no hostile criticism whatever; but very different is the case with the proposals for works. That the mole at Gibraltar and the new docks at Portsmouth are being, and are to be, pushed forward, is welcome intelligence. They cannot, indeed, be pushed forward too rapidly. The harbour at Dover, however, and the dockyard extension at Hong Kong are formally recognized as being equally in the category of pressing works; yet the country is calmly given to understand that no money is to be spent upon them during the coming year, and the only explanation the Civil Lord can offer is that the Dover and Hong Kong works "are all absolutely new in this sense—that we have no works actually going on at these places—whereas elsewhere we have always works of some sort or another going on." If this mean anything at all, it must mean that the Admiralty wants to enjoy the credit of starting the hare, but does not want the trouble of catching it, and, in brief, has no serious intention of doing what it knows and admits ought to be done, unless, perchance, unexpected circumstances conspire to render the task much easier than it now is. This is not the spirit in which projects intimately connected with the security of the Empire ought to be approached. A loan is to be raised for certain other works. Why is it not to be raised for these also? Money is cheap; and it is as easy for the country to borrow three millions as two, and to extend the repayment of the principal over thirty years as over twenty. Procrastination is a grave fault; blindness is only a grave affliction. If the Government were really incapable of seeing the necessity for the works at Dover and at Hong Kong, it might have a good excuse for not undertaking them; but, since it has officially proclaimed that it does see the necessity, it surely pronounces its own condemnation when it declares, as it has to all intents and purposes declared through the mouth of Mr. Robertson, that it will not move in the matter until the coming of the Coquecigrues.

THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

NOW that the United States has guaranteed the bonds of the Nicaragua Canal Company, it may be worth while discussing a few points in regard to cost and traffic which have been very conveniently neglected by the friends of the undertaking here no less than in America. Though nothing more can very well be done in Congress this session, the construction of the Canal is at least assured, and, as a consequence, a few years time will see its completion and its entry into the lists as a competitor with the Suez route and with the sailing ship routes by way of Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope. Will it, in the first place, do any material damage to the Suez Canal? Some time ago the advocates of the scheme drew up a pamphlet with comparisons of distance which showed a vast saving of time—to regular steamers this means money—that would accrue to vessels using the new in preference to the old trade routes. Singularly enough, Suez was almost entirely ignored, and the advantage, so it turned out, concerned only the two Cape routes—by way of Cape Horn on voyages to Chili, Peru, San Francisco,

and Portland, O.; and by way of the Cape of Good Hope on voyages to the East. Now, to avoid all consideration of Suez in this connection shows either an unpardonable ignorance of the course of trade or an equally unpardonable wilfulness in leaving out a most important factor in the case. To be sure, Senator Morgan has uttered a few vapid generalities: "The difference between the two Canals as earners of profit," he says in his report, "is that the Nicaragua Canal has a vastly wider and more lucrative field of commerce from which to draw its revenues than can be relied upon by the Suez Canal." There is no doubt that the Pacific Ocean is a wider field than Eastern Asia, but the lucrative nature of it is not quite obvious. Let the reader look at a map of the world, and he will see how matters stand. From England to Bombay, by way of Suez, the distance is 6200 miles; by way of Nicaragua, it is 15,500 miles. To Colombo the relative distances are 6790 and 15,000 miles respectively; to Calcutta, 8000 and 15,400 miles; to Melbourne, 10,600 and 12,750 miles; to New Zealand, 12,000 and 11,350 miles; to Hong Kong, 9900 and 13,550 miles; to Shanghai, 10,700 and 12,750 miles; and to Yokohama, 11,740 and 11,950 miles. Of all the places named, New Zealand is the only one which can benefit in point of time by the opening of the Nicaragua route, and the difference here is no more than 650 miles. Take the distances *via* the Cape of Good Hope to these same places, and in only four instances does Nicaragua offer any saving of mileage. The voyage to Hong Kong is shortened by 150 miles; to New Zealand, by 1550 miles; to Shanghai, by 1750 miles; and to Yokohama, by 3950 miles. The Cape voyage to Melbourne is shorter by 1250 miles; to Singapore, by 1900 miles; to Calcutta, by 3900 miles; to Colombo, by 4900 miles; and to Bombay, by nearly 6000 miles. It is not likely, with sailing freights so unremunerative, that shipowners will pay tolls and towage through the Nicaragua Canal, to the amount of nearly £1000 on a 2000-ton ship, in order to save perhaps a day or perhaps a month in landing cargoes at Hong Kong, or Wellington, or Shanghai, or Yokohama. The bulk of the trade carried in sailing bottoms with the three Eastern ports is made up of kerosene oil, which is shipped from New York or Philadelphia, and nothing is more certain than that this trade will not be diverted. The steamers which ply between these ports can save time on the voyage, and can pass through Suez at a smaller toll than will be exacted in traversing Nicaragua. Besides, they call at way ports to land and take in cargo both outwards and homewards; and to neglect these ports would be to relinquish deliberately a source of income which could not be made up by taking on a new line of way ports, because these do not exist.

The value of the traffic between England and Germany and the East which the Canal officials tell us will be diverted as soon as the new competitor comes into the field is estimated at \$90,000,000 out of a total of \$315,000,000 worth, which is claimed to be more or less tributary. For the reasons enumerated, it may be safely said that scarcely any of the \$90,000,000 will make revenue for the Nicaragua Canal. The traffic said to be "entirely tributary" is put at \$113,000,000, made up mainly of nitrates and guano from the west coast of South America, and of grain, flour, and canned goods from the north. These, again, are cargoes which cannot afford to pay tolls. Quick dispatch will not repay the owners of sailing vessels carrying these commodities for the heavy outlay involved in using the Canal. Profits are phenomenally small, and freights are few. They cannot command regular charters as it is. Then, again, one of the arguments that must prevail to keep steamers to the Suez route will apply to steamers that trade with the west coast of South America: they have a regular itinerary, which involves outward and homeward calls at Brazilian and River Plate ports. New Zealand steamers, too, call at Rio on the way home. And American sailing ships which go to and from New York and San Francisco will not use the Canal because their expenses are heavier than those of English vessels of the same class, and their profits are therefore smaller; and if English ships will not go by way of the new ship Canal because it will not pay them to do so, American "packets" will not because they are in worse case still.

Put into tons, the traffic expected by the company to patronize the Canal works out at 8,122,093 tons, divided into 5,333,415 tons "entirely tributary," 2,526,542 tons "largely tributary," and 262,136 tons "partially tributary." An independent and unprejudiced estimate of what the Company will actually get gives a total of 3,500,000 tons, which is decidedly liberal.

The statements, that have been put forward as to the cost of this undertaking, are as moderate as the estimates of traffic are exaggerated. M. Menocal, the main promoter, put the sum at \$50,000,000, or say £10,000,000 sterling, for the actual making, and a further \$15,000,000, or £3,000,000, for administrative expenditure and interest during construction. A committee of experts raised this sum to \$87,799,570, or less than £18,000,000. The Morgan report to Congress gives \$100,000,000, or £20,000,000, as the outside limit of cost. The balance of opinion, however, among those who ride the canal hobby-horse inclines to \$90,000,000, or £18,000,000, "exclusive of banking commissions, interest during construction, and other expenses not included in the engineer's report." The first estimate of the cost of making the Suez Canal was about £8,000,000. The actual cost, including the enlargement, was about £23,000,000. The contract for constructing the Manchester Canal was given out at £6,500,000. The bill amounted in the end to nearly £15,000,000. Pains have been taken to explain that there are few obstacles to engineering work in the construction of the Nicaragua Canal; that the cuttings are few and unimportant; that much of the waterway will be carried through a magnificent inland sea, and so on. Nothing could be more misleading. There will be nearly 27 miles of excavation, 21½ miles of basins constructed by means of enormous dams, and a portion of the 121 miles of river and lake navigation will be artificial. Lake Nicaragua is spoken of as furnishing free and unobstructed passage to vessels of the largest class. As a fact, it is obstructed on the east side by a long flat shoal, where it will be necessary to dredge and maintain a channel fourteen miles long, for maintaining which we find no provision. The geologists tell us that basaltic lavas predominate along both the Panama and Nicaragua Canals. There will be six locks to carry the waterway over the "great divide." Even with the Canal cross-section and the slopes proposed, there are in it 10,000,000 cubic yards of excavation. Then, there must be a dam across the San Juan River, and another across the Tola River. The former will be 1900 ft. long and 70 ft. high, and the latter 1800 ft. long and 70 ft. high. The dams across the San Carlos will be 3½ miles in length and 60 ft. in height. Altogether, the dams and embankments will aggregate eight or nine miles. These are a few of the difficulties in the way of the builders of the Nicaragua Canal. And they are very real difficulties, which will be not in the least minimized by the necessity of bringing much of the material for embankments, lock facings, &c., from a distance—some of it from the United States.

We waive consideration of the Canal for its strategic importance in the event of war, and confine ourselves on this occasion solely to its commercial side. And here let us add that we do not go the length of saying that its construction will be a huge economical mistake—a vast waste of human energy, a waste both of money and labour. We assume that the passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific would be worth making, and would eventually be of benefit not only to the district through which it is to run, but also to the world at large, if not to the Company itself and to the country which, being convinced of its utility, has guaranteed its bonds. To our thinking—and we have given our reasons—the traffic that will be carried on through it, within a reasonable number of years after its opening, cannot conceivably reach the dimensions promised. We believe also that the cost of its construction will greatly exceed the most liberal estimate that has been put forward. In the matter of maintenance, also, we believe the promoters are over-sanguine. This item will probably, all things considered, come to four times the annual cost of maintaining the Suez Canal, and on this basis the total revenue from the 3,500,000 tons which may be looked for as traffic, will, at two dollars per ton, be quite eaten up in expenses.

THE GENTLE ARTIST.

MR. J. McN. WHISTLER *loquitur*.

"TELL you about it—why, certainly. It's delightful; they're all 'making copy' for the second volume of my 'Gentle Art.' Of course, I'll begin at the beginning if you insist upon it, and gravely: yes, gravity's the soul of humour. First of all, Mr. Moore came to me and told me about the Baronet, a sort of humble *confère*, don't you know, who admired my work—becomingly, and wanted to have something from my brush. Any little thing, however slight, a mere sketch of Lady Eden, something that could be done in a sitting or two, don't you know. As for the price, well, the Baronet was a gentleman, and not a Rothschild; he could afford 100 or 150 guineas for any little thing, it needn't be much—just whatever I liked to throw off. I gave provisional consent. Money didn't matter, of course; it never does to the artist, don't you know, though occasionally it makes a difference to the man—a secondary consideration in all cases if I am *en veine* and the subject helps me. In due course of time I got a letter from the Baronet, the sort of letter that a man who dressed every night for dinner would write, thanking me and praising me, and—and something about terms. Thereupon I replied, reciprocating politely, and—and said that the terms were 100 or 150 guineas. At the moment I was not in the humour for pastels or water-colours; oils—the strong spell, don't you know, held me, and I began the portrait. The arrangement pleased me, and I let myself go and took pains—pleasures, I mean, pleasure in elaborating it and finishing it, and—the Baronet seemed delighted, don't you know, as the sittings went on and the thing grew—became confidential even, and confided to me that he'd had troubles with other painters; and everything went well till the famous day of the Valentine, the 14th of February. He came up to me with a sort of attempt at facetious familiarity, and gave me an envelope and begged me not to open it then—said it was a Valentine for me, and so on, and so on. I took all this for the Baronet's awkward way of being generous, though my experience is that awkwardness usually goes with untimely thrift. Still, don't you know, in spite of his being a Baronet, I hoped for the best, and went off home, and there I found a little note and a cheque; the note was, 'Herewith the Valentine. Value.'—Oh, yes! Value, £105.

"Then I was a little puzzled. It seemed to me—a Southern gentleman, don't you know, keenly alive to the finest suggestions of honourable conduct—that the price should have been fixed by me, or at least by my work. Had I given them my best, don't you know, with love of the work, and delight, or something thin, perfunctory, and mechanical? I was hurt, offended at this foolish, facetious way of telling me that the least value put upon my work was the proper value. And then a light broke in upon me. The Baronet was evidently trying to score off me, as he had scored off the others: but that must not be allowed; the dignity of art forbade. I sat down and wrote to him in this fashion: 'Dear Sir Wm. Eden,—I have received your Valentine. You are really magnificent, and have indeed scored all round, &c. &c. Yours.'

"Like my letter?—No, he didn't seem to. I thought by what he said that he was just off to shoot in Central Africa; but next morning he appeared at my studio in brown boots, don't you know, and travelling costume, which was, of course, appropriate for Paris in the eyes of an Englishman. He told me he'd never been so insulted. I laughed, and told him that I didn't think he could be, don't you know, ha! ha! He supposed that that was another example of my art of making enemies; and I, though inwardly enjoying the soft impeachment, reassured him—the only people I made enemies of were foemen worthy of my steel, don't you know—more or less worthy. Ruskin and Oscar Wilde and Burne-Jones, ha! ha! but never a Baronet. He appealed to my letter, and declared that 100 guineas was the price agreed upon; but I insisted upon reading the letter, and there the figures stood, 100 or 150 guineas, and then came the Baronet's memorable reply: 'I know that I have there a beautiful little picture, but that is my luck! and a man is a d—d fool who gives a larger

price for a thing that he can have for a smaller one !' After that I felt that the incident, dramatically speaking, was closed ; but he persisted in spoiling the situation by prolonging it, tediously repeating that he had been insulted, to which at length I replied that I was in every way at his disposition, ready to meet him if he so desired ; but no, he preferred the iteration of his grievance, and so moved awkwardly from remonstrance to expostulation, and at length offered to draw a cheque for me for the extra fifty guineas—then and there. That was too much ; I politely insisted that the incident was closed, and conducted him, using all courtesy, to the door. But how undignified they are, these baronets. He went on talking as he went down the stairs (I looking down upon him from a vantage), declaring that he had been ill-treated and insulted, till I ventured to remind him that such abject confessions on a staircase would not, if overheard, increase the esteem which would naturally be felt for a gentleman of his rank in France. And therewith exit the Baronet in his brown boots.

"Did I keep his cheque ? Of course I kept it ; that's the point of it. What else was there for me to do ? Suppose I had returned his cheque, I should have had to destroy the portrait ; I could not keep a picture of his wife. I should thus have lost my work, and he, having suffered no damage, would have gone about saying, 'An impossible person, Whistler, don't you know : all fads, and fancies, and whims. I commissioned him to do a picture of my wife, don't you know—price carefully agreed upon, knowing what an extraordinary person he was—and after he had finished it he returned me my cheque. An incalculable creature—no method in his madness—doesn't score off anybody.' No, no ; that must not be the issue, I resolved.

"I kept the cheque in order that the Baronet might be forced to come and ask for it—to tell his story here in open Court. I, therefore, destroyed the portrait, but kept the arrangement, an idea that surely belonged to me, and got an American lady whom I knew to sit for the face, and so my work was not lost. The artist's work, you know, dearer to him than life itself, remains, and will remain, while the man, don't you know—the man has the satisfaction of scoring off the Baronet. Of course I returned his cheque in due course, and the French Court has just handed the picture over to me. That is where the matter stands at this moment."

THE DECLINE OF FOX-HUNTING.

FOR two hundred years has fox-hunting in its present form flourished in England ; men begin to ask themselves if it is to endure much longer. Twenty years ago and less such a query would have seemed impossible. But twenty years ago farmers were still comfortably off, landlords were not "splendid paupers," and wire-fencing was practically unknown. In these days, too, the critics of hunting and hunting ethics—those people who, because they cannot enjoy a healthy sport themselves, hate that others should enjoy it—grow ever more clamorous. Acrid critics in themselves, however, are scarcely likely to be the death of hunting ; they have endured, without much injury to the pastime, as long as fox-hunting itself. Goodman, chaplain to Anne of Denmark, wrote 280 years ago of "these outrageous, troublesome, and bloody sports which wholly savour of cruelty," and again, speaking of hunters, "the highways cannot contain them, but over the hedges and ditches ; here begins the cry and curse of the poor tenant, who sits at a hard rent and sees his corn spoiled." The poor tenant who sits at a hard rent has, indeed, far more cause of complaint in these days of depression and of overcrowded fields ; yet even his melancholy condition, much as it has to do with the present state of fox-hunting, is only one of the factors in that unquestionable decadence which we see in every part of England.

The portents certainly grow more ominous season by season. Barbed wire has now obtained so great a footing that men ride at their fences in many countries with feelings approaching a shudder. Only the other day Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale, master of the Shropshire Hounds—which he hunts at his own expense—pointed out that in view of a serious accident by wire to one of his whips, and of the general state of the country, fox-hunting would have to be abandoned if the evil were

not soon abated. The reduced incomes of landlords, too, begin to tell hardly upon sport. Landlords, of course, in the very nature of things, have been always main pillars of the pastime. They have furnished land to ride over, an excellent stamp of master, who knows the country and is well known to it ; and in many cases they have provided the bulk of the cost of keeping hounds. Without them it is difficult to see how hunting can last.

But in all directions landlords are withdrawing from the sport, or reducing their establishments. The Goodwood Hunt is to be abandoned, and, as we hear, next month the horses and hounds of this historic pack are to be sold. In the Brocklesby country Lord Yarborough is reducing his hunting days from four to two. There is talk of a similar reduction with the Belvoir. That enthusiast and great sportsman, Lord Willoughby de Broke, has, sooner than give up the Warwickshire Hounds, long since relinquished his own mansion-house and lived in a smaller place at Kineton. The North Herefordshire, South and West Wilts, Haydon, West Meath, County Limerick, Galway, Stevenstone (Hon. Mark Rolles's), and a number of other packs are masterless for next season. The difficulty of obtaining adequate masters and subscriptions seems, indeed, to increase year by year. In many counties malcontent tenants, or small freeholders, become more and more defiant. In some localities you may even find, as in a certain part of Hampshire, pieces of land in the centre of a good hunt so fenced and guarded by wire as to be absolutely impregnable. One of these malcontent strongholds is sufficient to spoil the sport and pleasure of a whole day's hunting.

The crowds of strangers and townsmen who nowadays invade fashionable hunts seem, on the other hand, to show few symptoms of decline, a decline most welcome to the striving farmer. In fashionable countries, too, masters, often unthinkingly, show little consideration for the tenant, who on his one rough nag still likes to see hounds at work. The young thrusters, the rich two-horse men, are far too much considered. Even hounds are bred too much for pace, so that a short headlong gallop after the fox often takes the place of old-fashioned but more real hunting. Sometimes the farmer, who has hurried round his work in the morning, reaches the meet late. Instead of taking hounds to covert, as in the old days, at a slow trot, they are hustled along from covert to covert, the farmer's one nag is soon done for, and his day's sport spoiled. The army of second horsemen, spread at their own sweet will over the fields, unchecked, unthinking, and uncaring, is another source of annoyance to the long-suffering farmers. Second horsemen care little for fences and growing crops, or even for the trouble of shutting a gate now and again. They are, like too many of their masters, more "men of fashion" than sportsmen. Lord Lonsdale, to the credit of his foresight, has provided against this plague of second horsemen, and in his country has issued an edict confining them to roads and bridle paths. Causes such as these all contribute to the increase of discontented farmers, and of the accursed wire.

Yet, in spite of the ominously dark cloud now gathered over hunting, we are not of those decadents who cry that the sport is at its last gasp. We hold that, subject to strong modifications, hunting will exist far into the next century. Agriculture can scarcely be at a lower ebb than now ; probably it will slowly improve a little. Fox-hunting, we believe, will with most packs revert to the conditions existing at the beginning of this century. In the quieter and less fashionable countries, the tenants, the squires, a few wealthy residents within the hunt who subscribe liberally, and a friend or two, will form the field. Probably less money will be spent ; hunting days will be fewer—say two days a week on the average—and there will be somewhat less smartness in equipment. On the other hand, sport—real hunting—will be quite as good as formerly ; perhaps, in some respects, better. We are inclined to think that hunting, though slower, was at least as enjoyable nearly a hundred years ago in Warwickshire, when Mr. Corbett, on his old-fashioned white horse, hunted his old-fashioned hounds, as in these days of flashy gallops and over-riding fields. Whether in fashionable or unfashionable countries, the cloud of parasites, who now do their best

to throttle hunting, too often paying not a shilling for their pleasure, will disappear. The men who wander, butterfly-like, from hunt to hunt without subscribing, the purely nominal subscriber, and the legions of trainmen from big towns, cannot be much longer tolerated, and will become extinct. They have had a good innings, but there are abundant signs that their day is at an end.

In fashionable countries rich townsmen and residents, not of the purely landlord class, will have to pay very differently for their sport. Subscriptions for such as these—who can afford it and *will* hunt—will be often more than trebled. Paid officials, probably from the farming class, will be employed to settle disputes and claims, and get all wire down before the opening meet. Wire will vanish in many counties. Its existence, or non-existence, is essentially a question of price, and that price will have to be forthcoming. Here and there greedy and malcontent tenants and small owners will have to be pacified by something like a "hunting rent." Poultry bills, and damages to crops and fences, will be settled on a more liberal scale. In fine, hunting in fashionable countries will cost more money, and will have to be supported mainly by rich men who can afford it. Subject to some such changes as these, we believe that fox-hunting will take heart again and flourish. Its disappearance would be a real loss to the country. In these neurotic times a sport so manly, so health-giving, and so wholesome, can very ill be spared.

THE LAW OF SYMMETRY.

A GERMAN chemist of distinction has been engaged for the last twenty years or more on an investigation of the unsaturated acids. During this time, with the assistance of numerous pupils, he has published some dozens of papers and prepared some hundreds of new substances. The result of these stupendous labours is the discovery that the $\alpha\beta$ acids and the $\beta\gamma$ acids are mutually convertible one into the other. Was it worth while? will no doubt be the question asked. Are all these hundreds of new compounds of any use? and is the knowledge of them worth knowing? Whether hydrosorbic acid, for example, is an $\alpha\beta$ compound or a $\beta\gamma$ compound appears to have as little to interest the world as the existence of hydrosorbic acid at all. To the outside observer, organic chemical research appears, no doubt, to be pursued by its votaries with the sole object of producing some new, quite useless compound of a rather more complex structure than that of any other compound, and of assigning to it a name longer by a syllable or two than any other name; an intolerable deal of sack unredeemed by even one halfpenny worth of bread. The production of new substances is, of course, not the only side, possibly not the most important side, of research in organic or in inorganic chemistry, but in popular estimation it has always been the most obvious and the most attractive side, provided only the things are of some use or possess an interest beyond their mere existence. The strongest criticism which Liebig could bring against Lavoisier was that he had prepared no new substance. A new element, a brilliant new colour, or a frightfully destructive explosive appeals more forcibly to our imagination than refinements as to the position of double bonds or theories of dissociation. Although the bulk of the compounds prepared by the learned and industrious German professor are probably quite useless, yet to a select circle of organic chemists his work has been and continues to be a matter of absorbing interest; and so far from the subject being now exhausted, a young French chemist, only a few months ago, declared that "les acides non-saturés ont été jusqu'ici fort peu étudiés."

The great majority of researches in organic chemistry are based on a theory barely forty years old, the work of many minds, the theory, namely, of atom-linking. Carbon links itself with carbon and with the atoms of other elements according to certain laws; this theory has shown the way and supplied the means for the synthetic production of almost innumerable compounds, useful and otherwise. It is hardly too much to say that without the guidance of this theory, many of our most valuable industries would have made but little progress, and some would never have existed at all. In recent years

this theory of atom-linking has been united with another theory, which is, in fact, in point of date the older theory by a few years. This is the theory of molecular symmetry discovered by Pasteur about the year 1853. In simple language his theory was that the smallest particles which can exist, namely the molecules, are, like the objects we see around us, either symmetrical or unsymmetrical. The image of an unsymmetrical object as seen in a mirror is different from the object, one being right-handed and the other left-handed, the existence of one always suggesting the possible existence of the other. A right-hand glove, for example, is unsymmetrical and implies the possible existence of a left-hand glove which is its image, and is not identical with it. A screw which we drive in by twisting in a certain direction suggests another kind of screw which we should have to twist in the opposite direction. The one is dextral, and the other sinistral. A similar kind of one-sidedness Pasteur discovered to be characteristic of the ultimate particles of certain compounds. Tartaric acid, he found, had a kind of right-handed twist or lopsidedness, and suggested the existence of its image having a left-handed twist. This new kind of tartaric acid Pasteur was able to prepare. "I have made," he said to a friend at the time, "a great discovery, and am so elated that a nervous tremulousness has seized me." The results of the union of the two theories, the theory of atom-linking and the theory of molecular symmetry, cannot yet be altogether foreseen, but already we have acquired a clearer insight into the arrangement and nature of the atoms than either theory alone could give.

In the artificial production of these unsymmetrical molecules it is found that the two kinds are always produced in equal numbers, just as a glove-maker turns out an equal number of right- and left-hand gloves. And by suitable means the two kinds can be separated from one another. In nature, on the other hand, we find, where we have asymmetry at all, that one kind of structure alone predominates. The chemist in his laboratory produces dextral and sinistral tartaric acids mixed in equal quantities. The grape produces only the dextral tartaric acid. Similarly, the sugar-cane and beetroot produce only the dextral sugar, though, as far as we know, it would be equally easy to produce the sinistral, or a mixture of both. It is not strange that asymmetry should exist in nature; what is remarkable is the existence of one form only to the exclusion of the other: and this peculiarity is not confined to the chemical molecules, but is the character of asymmetry generally in the structure of animals and plants. If things are lopsided, they are nearly always lopsided on the same side. In the human body, for example, the internal arrangement is unsymmetrical, the heart generally being on the left side, though one or two rare cases have been noted of a reversed arrangement. If human beings could be synthesized in a laboratory, we should expect an equal number to have their hearts on the right side as on the left. The spiral shells of certain snails are dextral, having the twist of a right-handed screw; only a few rare sinistral specimens have been found. Flat fish, again, are unsymmetrical through lying on their left side; here and there a specimen has been found which lay on its right side. There are numerous other instances of asymmetry in nature, all exhibiting the same uniformity of oneness.

Asymmetry is, moreover, a property or peculiarity of the earth itself. Our world rotates about its axis in one direction from west to east, and implies the possible existence of another world, not necessarily a better world, rotating in the opposite direction. We should have, in fact, a realization of the kind of world imagined by the author of "Through the Looking-Glass." In this new world the sun would rise in the west and set in the east, while, to complete the picture, all the forms of asymmetry in this world would have to be reversed. Our hearts would be on the right side of our bodies. Flat fish would lie on their right side; snails would be left-hand screws, and the sugar-cane would produce a left-hand sugar. In this new world there would, however, be no new chemistry. Our chemistry has, in fact, taught us how to make not only the asymmetric compounds existing in nature, but their counterparts also, which had never hitherto been found, and perhaps had never existed before. The artificial production

of any organic compounds obtained from plants and animals was for a long time considered impossible without the aid of vital force. But chemistry was not to be limited by vital force, nor was it merely to imitate it. Vital force can produce only one of a pair of asymmetric compounds; while chemical synthesis can produce both, thus succeeding where vital force apparently fails.

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE Philharmonic Society has done many odd things in its time, but last week it fairly capped its former achievements by giving a really excellent concert. Whether this was the result of a momentary aberration on the part of the directors, or may be regarded as a token of inchoate sanity, is a problem to be solved only by later concerts. Meanwhile, those who reverence Philharmonic "traditions" will see in the incident an unhappy disaster; and it will be regretted by many other persons besides. For many years past, whoever else failed us, the Philharmonic Society might always be depended upon for a flagrant example of all that a concert should not be, and it thus provided a foil against which the less interesting Richter concerts, and even the Symphony concerts, sparkled brilliantly. Now, however, that the thin edge of the wedge is inserted, there is no limit to the possibilities that the future may see converted into realities; and the usefulness as well as the glory of the Philharmonic Society may have departed. At the same time, premature despondence would be absurd: the Society may redeem its lost reputation at the very next concert. Again and again in the past has the Philharmonic Society had possibilities which its present position renders it superfluous to say never became realities. The unfailing regularity with which it missed its chances was due not at all to the band, and in at least some cases not to the conductor; and even when the conductor had a finger in the matter, his shortcomings counted for little or nothing beside the sheer ignorance, ineptitude, and coarse-fibred Philistinism of the directors. That the directors of the Philharmonic Society should, of all people, be musical, if not skilled musicians, seems a reasonable enough proposition; and surely it is not less reasonable to suppose that musicians would see at once, and even musical amateurs could, by dint of argument, be made to see, that difficult new works, or, for that matter, difficult old ones, could not be adequately played without adequate rehearsal. But apparently it has been the fate of the Philharmonic Society for the past eighty seasons or so to have as directors either totally unmusical persons or the dullest, slowest, most impenetrably Philistine of amateurs and musicians. That they were so in the beginning may be learnt, without a perusal of their names, from the first programmes, and from contemporary criticism, wretched as that was. They proved their rare fatuity when, by an aberration similar to that which induced them to give this late respectable concert, they invited Richard Wagner to conduct for a season, and refused him time for rehearsal. And when in despair Mr. Cowen resigned because the necessary rehearsals were denied him also, it became evident that though the men had changed, the policy and stupidity remained the same, to the laughter of musical Europe, and the unspeakable shame of musical England. The present directors are Messrs. W. H. Cummings, Oscar Beringer, Francesco Berger, Charles Gardner, Alfred Gilbert, A. Randegger, and G. H. Robinson, "Mus. Bac.," as we are carefully informed; and to the unsophisticated it appears rather comical that this knot of singing-masters and musical mediocrities should control the fortunes of a society which has guarantors to the amount of £3116 12s., and claims to represent orchestral music in England. Leipzig has its Gewandhaus Concerts, London (we proudly say) its Philharmonic Society, and a furtive smile may well flicker about the mouth of the musical visitor from abroad, as he wishes us joy of our Philharmonic. Of course some improvement followed the scandal of Mr. Cowen's resignation. We have no private information, but cannot doubt that this scandal made the directors more willing to see what every musical person in England had seen for years; and it is only reasonable to suppose that so strong a man as Sir A. C. Mackenzie would not accept the conductorship without making such terms with regard to rehearsals as would render his occupancy

of the post tolerable. Since he accepted it, his splendid musicianship, his enthusiasm and his personal force have made things move slightly. He is the only one of our Academicians who knows how to play "the most difficult instrument in the orchestra," as he has called the conductor's stick, and by his mastery of it he has often saved the situation at the last moment. Yet, when all is said, it remains true that the situation often needs to be saved, and that until exactly ten times the present amount of rehearsal is allowed, such concerts as that of 7 March will be rare exceptions to the rule that shabby rehearsals mean shabby performances.

As was inevitable at a Philharmonic concert, the programme, besides being mostly ancient, was not free from one characteristic touch of banality. We do not know whether to wish that Madame Clementine Sapio or the directors proposed David's "Charmant Oiseau." If the directors wanted it, Madame Sapio should have refused to sing it; and in that case she probably would not have appeared at the concert at all, which would have been no great evil, either for us, or, if she knew it, for her. But if Madame Sapio suggested the song, the directors clearly lost a fine opportunity of working themselves into a fine state of frenzied righteousness and creating a precedent easy to follow in future predicaments of a like sort. They should have said, "No, Madame Sapio, you shall not sing that song, and neither shall you do a skirt-dance. We have a past and traditions; this is our eighty-third season; Wagner and Mendelssohn have conducted for us: in short, we are a respectable society, and if you want to do that kind of thing you really must go to the nearest circus." Of course, the Philharmonic directors, being the Philharmonic directors, did nothing of the sort. Whether on their suggestion or Madame Sapio's, this lady was set down for what is nothing more than a vocal tight-rope display; and that is all we have to say about the affair, as neither now nor at any time do we intend to consider whether such vulgarities are or are not appropriately rendered. The remainder of the programme was unexceptionable. It included an overture by Mr. Frederick Lamond, "Aus dem schottischen Hochlande" and the Fifth Symphony, with Mendelssohn's G minor concerto and Weber's Concert-stück wedged in between to keep Mr. Sauer busy. His reading of the concerto was enough to make one rub one's eyes and wonder whether this was really the revered Philharmonic Society. Mendelssohn, with his bright and narrow brain, his sprightliness, suavity, and all-round adaptability, was just the man to become the Philharmonic pet; and, as we know, he did become the Philharmonic pet. He found things at a wretched pass, and, being adaptable, he contented himself with superficially smartening them up. By taking every piece at a fairly stiff pace, and generally, so to speak, getting over the rotten ice as quickly as possible, he inaugurated those Mendelssohn traditions which for fifty years have been flung full in every conductor's face. They were Wagner's special annoyance; and could the deceased composer have stepped into Queen's Hall on 7 March, he might have created very general consternation, and enjoyed a delightful revenge. For Mr. Sauer played the Mendelssohn concerto better than he has hitherto played anything in this country; and under the fierce light of his ultra-modern treatment all the many weaknesses in the work, usually slurred over by the Leipzig school of players, became glaringly apparent. The first movement is as empty and tawdry as the most hardened Wagnerite could wish anything of Mendelssohn's to be; and though Mr. Bennett tells us that the second came from heaven, the truth is it might have been improvised on a broken-winded concertina; whilst the finale, wherever it originated, will certainly end in the music-hall. Accepting the whole thing as music-hall music, Mr. Sauer's vivacity, crisp touch, and frequently beautiful tone made it enjoyable enough. The Weber piece did not come off nearly so happily. Such wildly erratic scampering we have seldom heard; and far from being surprised that the band followed Mr. Sauer so imperfectly, we were thankful that they did so well. Mr. Lamond's overture, admirably interpreted by Sir A. C. Mackenzie, is a healthy, vigorous piece of music with "Richard Strauss" stamped on every bar. But the command of orchestral means is complete; many of the effects are daring and none of them academic; the whole

overture is pervaded by a sense of the open air and the picturesque which would make it gratifying to hear the work again; and, on the whole, we are inclined to believe that Mr. Lamond may some day write great and original music. It is useless to pretend that the rendering of the Fifth symphony was wholly satisfying after Richter and Mottl, but the playing of the finest set of orchestral players in the world was always magnificent.

The Philharmonic Society may redeem its reputation at the next concert—may, but we hope will not. The old order has had a fairly lengthy turn, and has not worked out with quite the admirable results that might be desired. Is it not worth while to break with traditions, to throw reputation and prestige to the winds, if by so doing the Philharmonic Society ceases to be the merriment of musical Europe, and becomes a factor, a factor to be reckoned with, in the life of musical England?

MR. PINERO'S NEW PLAY.

"The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith." An original play in four acts. By A. W. Pinero. Garrick Theatre, 13 March, 1895.

MR. PINERO'S new play is an attempt to reproduce that peculiar stage effect of intellectual drama, of social problem, of subtle psychological study of character, in short, of a great play, with which he was so successful in "The Profligate" and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." In the two earlier plays, it will be remembered, he was careful to support this stage effect with a substantial basis of ordinary dramatic material, consisting of a well worked-up and well worn situation which would have secured the success of a conventional Adelphi piece. In this way he conquered the public by the exquisite flattery of giving them plays that they really liked, whilst persuading them that such appreciation was only possible from persons of great culture and intellectual acuteness. The vogue of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" was due to the fact that the commonplace playgoer, as he admired Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and was moved for the twentieth time by the conventional wicked woman with a past, consumed with remorse at the recollection of her innocent girlhood, and unable to look her pure step-daughter (from a convent) in the face, believed that he was one of the select few for whom "the literary drama" exists, and thus combined the delights of an evening at a play which would not have puzzled Madame Celeste with a sense of being immensely in the modern movement. Mr. Pinero, in effect, invented a new sort of play by taking the ordinary article and giving it an air of novel, profound, and original thought. This he was able to do because he was an inveterate "character actor" (a technical term denoting a clever stage performer who cannot act, and therefore makes an elaborate study of the disguises and stage tricks by which acting can be grotesquely simulated) as well as a competent dramatist on customary lines. His performance as a thinker and social philosopher is simply character acting in the domain of authorship, and can impose only on those who are taken in by character acting on the stage. It is only the make-up of an actor who does not understand his part, but who knows—because he shares—the popular notion of its externals. As such, it can never be the governing factor in his success, which must always depend on the commonplace but real substratum of ordinary drama in his works. Thus his power to provide Mrs. Tanqueray with equally popular successors depends on his freedom from the illusion he has himself created as to his real strength lying in his acuteness as a critic of life. Given a good play, the stage effect of philosophy will pass with those who are no better philosophers than he; but when the play is bad, the air of philosophy can only add to its insufferableness. In the case of "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," the play is bad. But one of its defects: to wit, the unreality of the chief female character, who is fully as artificial as Mrs. Tanqueray herself, has the lucky effect of setting Mrs. Patrick Campbell free to do as she pleases in it, the result being an irresistible projection of that lady's personal genius, a projection which sweeps the play aside

and imperiously becomes the play itself. Mrs. Patrick Campbell, in fact, pulls her author through by playing him clean off the stage. She creates all sorts of illusions, and gives one all sorts of searching sensations. It is impossible not to feel that those haunting eyes are brooding on a momentous past, and the parted lips anticipating a thrilling imminent future, whilst some enigmatic present must no less surely be working underneath all that subtle play of limb and stealthy intensity of tone. Clearly there must be a great tragedy somewhere in the immediate neighbourhood; and most of my colleagues will no doubt tell us that this imaginary masterpiece is Mr. Pinero's "Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith." But Mr. Pinero has hardly anything to do with it. When the curtain comes down, you are compelled to admit that, after all, nothing has come of it except your conviction that Mrs. Patrick Campbell is a wonderful woman. Let us put her out of the question for a moment and take a look at Mrs. Ebbsmith.

To begin with, she is what has been called "a platform woman." She is the daughter of a Secularist agitator—say a minor Bradlaugh. After eight years of married life, during which she was for one year her husband's sultana, and for the other seven his housekeeper, she has emerged into widowhood and an active career as an agitator, speaking from the platforms formerly occupied by her father. Although educated, well conducted, beautiful, and a sufficiently powerful speaker to produce a great effect in Trafalgar Square, she loses her voice from starvation, and has to fall back on nursing—a piece of fiction which shows that Mr. Pinero has not the faintest idea of what such a woman's career is in reality. He may take my word for it that a lady with such qualifications would be very much better off than a nurse; and that the plinth of the Nelson column, the "pitch" in the park, and the little meeting halls in poor parishes, all of which he speaks of with such an exquisitely suburban sense of their being the dark places of the earth, enter nowadays very largely into the political education of almost all publicly active men and women; so that the Duke of St. Olpherts, when he went to that iron building in St. Luke's, and saw "Mad Agnes" on the platform, might much more probably have found there a future Cabinet Minister, a lady of his own ducal family, or even a dramatic critic. However, the mistakes into which Mr. Pinero has been led by his want of practical acquaintance with the business of political agitation are of no great dramatic moment. We may forgive a modern British dramatist for supposing that Mrs. Besant, for example, was an outcast on the brink of starvation in the days when she graduated on the platform, although we should certainly not tolerate such nonsense from any intellectually responsible person. But Mr. Pinero has made a deeper mistake. He has fallen into the common error of supposing that the woman who speaks in public and takes an interest in wider concerns than those of her own household is a special variety of the human species; that she "Trafalgar Squares" aristocratic visitors in her drawing-room; and that there is something dramatic in her discovery that she has the common passions of humanity.

Mrs. Ebbsmith, in the course of her nursing, finds a patient who falls in love with her. He is married to a shrew; and he proposes to spend the rest of his life with his nurse, preaching the horrors of marriage. Off the stage it is not customary for a man and woman to assume that they cannot co-operate in bringing about social reform without living together as man and wife: on the stage, this is considered inevitable. Mrs. Ebbsmith rebels against the stage so far as to propose that they shall prove their disinterestedness by making the partnership a friendly business one only. She then finds out that he does not really care a rap about her ideas, and that his attachment to her is simply sexual. Here we start with a dramatic theme capable of interesting development. Mr. Pinero, unable to develop it, lets it slip through his fingers after one feeble clutch at it, and proceeds to degrade his drama below the ordinary level by making the woman declare that her discovery of the nature of the man's feelings puts within her reach "the only one hour in a woman's life," in pursuance of which detestable view she puts on an indecent dress and utterly abandons herself to him. A clergyman appears at this crisis, and offers her a Bible. She

promptly pitches it into the stove; and a thrill of horror runs through the audience as they see, in imagination, the whole Christian Church tottering before their eyes. Suddenly, with a wild scream, she plunges her hand into the glowing stove and pulls out the Bible again. The Church is saved; and the curtain descends amid thunders of applause. In that applause I hope I need not say I did not join. A less sensible and less courageous stage effect I have never witnessed. If Mr. Pinero had created for us, a woman whose childhood had been made miserable by the gloomy terrorism which vulgar fanatical parents extract from the Bible, just as they would extract it equally from Herbert Spencer's "First Principles," if that were their fetish (such a picture, for instance, as Dickens gave us in the Clennam household in "Little Dorrit"), then he might fitly have given some of the public a very wholesome lesson by making the woman thrust the Bible into the stove and leave it there. Many of the most devoted clergymen of the Church of England would, I can assure him, have publicly thanked him for such a lesson. But to introduce a woman as to whom we are carefully assured that she was educated as a secularist, and whose one misfortune—her unhappy marriage—can hardly by any stretch of casuistry be laid to the charge of St. Paul's teaching; to make this woman senselessly say that all her misfortunes are due to the Bible; to make her throw it into the stove, and then injure herself horribly in pulling it out again: this, I submit, is a piece of claptrap so gross that it absolves me from all obligation to treat Mr. Pinero's art as anything higher than the barest art of theatrical sensation. As in the "The Profligate," as in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," he has had no idea beyond that of doing something daring and bringing down the house by running away from the consequences.

After the Bible incident, Mrs. Ebbsmith takes refuge with the clergyman and his sister (he has, of course, a pious sister, who is, like every one else in the play, the victim of an unhappy marriage). But on discovering that the shrewish wife of her lover really loves him, she allows herself to be persuaded by that lady to resume relations with him in a suburban villa in order that he may keep up appearances by living with his wife in Mayfair. This apparently nonsensical and awkwardly contrived scene is really the best bit of drama in the play. The wife has no sooner carried her point than she gives it up; and Mrs. Ebbsmith returns once more to her scriptural position, assuring the man that she will pray for him every night, whereupon the curtain falls amid general edification. I must confess that I have no criticism for all this stuff. Mr. Pinero is quite right to try his hand at the higher drama; only he will never succeed on his present method of trusting to his imagination, which seems to me to have been fed originally on the novels and American humour of forty years ago, and of late to have been entirely starved. I strongly recommend him to air his ideas a little in Hyde Park or "the Iron Hall, St. Luke's," before he writes his next play. I shall be happy to take the chair for him.

I should, by the way, like to know the truth about the great stage effect at the end of the second act, where Mrs. Patrick Campbell enters with her plain and very becoming dress changed for a horrifying confection apparently made of Japanese bronze wall-paper with a bold pattern of stamped gold. Lest the maker should take an action against me and obtain ruinous damages, I hasten to say that the garment was well made, the skirt and train perfectly hung, and the bodice, or rather waistband, fitting flawlessly. But, as I know nothing of the fashion in evening dresses, it was cut rather lower in the pectoral region than I expected; and it was, to my taste, appallingly ugly. So I fully believed that the effect intended was a terrible rebuke to the man's complaint that Mrs. Ebbsmith's previous dress was only fit for "a dowdy demagogue." Conceive my feelings when every one on the stage went into ecstasies of admiration. Can Mr. Pinero have shared that admiration? As the hero of a recent play observes, "That is the question that torments me."

A great deal of the performance is extremely tedious. The first twenty minutes, with its intolerable, unnecessary, and unintelligible explanations about the relationships of the characters, should be ruthlessly cut out.

Half the stage business is only Mr. Pinero's old "character actor" nonsense; and much of the other half might be executed during the dialogue, and not between the sentences. The company need to be reminded that the Garrick is a theatre in which very distinct utterance is desirable. The worrying from time to time about the stove should be dropped, as it does not in the least fulfil its purpose of making the Bible incident—which is badly stage managed—seem more natural when it comes.

Mr. Hare, in the stalest of parts, gives us a perfect piece of acting, not only executed with extraordinary fineness, but conceived so as to produce a strong illusion that there is a real character there, whereas there is really nothing but that hackneyed simulacrum of a cynical and epigrammatic old libertine who has helped to carry on so many plots. Mr. Forbes Robertson lent himself to the hero, and so enabled him to become interesting on credit. Miss Jeffreys, miraculously ill fitted with her part, was pleasant for the first five minutes, during which she was suggesting a perfectly different sort of person to that which she afterwards vainly pretended to become. The other characters were the merest stock figures, convincing us that Mr. Pinero either never meets anybody now, or else that he has lost the power of observation. Many passages in the play, of course, have all the qualities which have gained Mr. Pinero his position as a dramatist; but I shall not dwell on them, as, to tell the truth, I disliked the play so much that nothing would induce me to say anything good of it. And here let me warn the reader to carefully discount my opinion in view of the fact that I write plays myself, and that my school is in violent reaction against that of Mr. Pinero. But my criticism has not, I hope, any other fault than the inevitable one of extreme unfairness.

I must change the subject here to say that Mr. Clement Scott has been kind enough to let me know that he did not write the obituary notice which I ascribed to him throughout my recent utterance on the subject of the Censorship in these columns. Not that Mr. Scott has at all changed his views on that subject. The continuity of his policy was strictly maintained by the actual writer of the article; so that the argument between us on that point remains, I am sorry to say, where it was. But as I have incidentally made it appear that Mr. Scott wrote an anonymous obituary notice of his late friend, and made it the occasion for a defence of him against certain strictures of mine, I am bound not only to comply with Mr. Scott's request to make it known that he did not write the article, but to express my sense of the very considerate terms in which he has pointed out my mistake, and to beg him to excuse it. G. B. S.

LIFE INSURANCE AS AN INVESTMENT.—VI.

SHAREHOLDERS v. POLICYHOLDERS.

IN the course of this series of articles we have several times had occasion to refer to the enormous dividends paid by proprietary offices on the shareholders' capital. It is interesting to consider how far the payment of these dividends is justified, and to what extent they affect the prospects of an investor in an endowment insurance policy. We know that every life office is required by Act of Parliament to make a periodical investigation of its assets and liabilities. The actuary computes the risk on each policy according to the Society's life tables, and at a stated rate of interest, and reserves a sum sufficient to cover the aggregate liability so computed, and also future expenses of management. The surplus funds, if any, are available for distribution in the form of "bonuses." These bonuses are simply a consequence of the fact that the office charges higher rates of premium than its obligations require; and it follows that the holder of a "with-profit" policy has morally as much right to a return, in some shape or other, of the excess when ascertained, as he has to the payment of the amount which appears on the face of his contract. In a mutual office, the whole of the surplus is divided among the members; but the policyholders in proprietary offices have to stand aside until the shareholders have had their fill. The contention that the policyholders have their compensation in the additional security afforded by the shareholders' capital

may be speedily dismissed. The amount of capital is, in most cases, ridiculously insignificant by comparison with the amount of the policies which it is supposed to guarantee, and experience tends to prove that proprietary offices are more apt to fail than mutual offices. There is more force in the argument that proprietary offices are better managed owing to the control exercised by the shareholders, who are, of course, equally interested with the policyholders in keeping down establishment expenses; but it is questionable whether any advantage that may be gained in that way is not fully counterbalanced by the temptation to shareholders to spend large sums in increasing their business, and so adding further to their already swollen dividends.

These proprietary offices exist, however; and as long as they exist their shareholders will undoubtedly look for dividends. The question remains whether some reasonable limit should not be set to the proportion of the surplus appropriated for that purpose. At present there is a surprising disparity of practice in this respect. The proprietors of the "Provident Life Office" content themselves with a moderate 3 per cent; the "Royal Exchange" and "Rock" offices, on the other hand, distribute no less than one-third of the surplus in dividends. In some cases the shareholders take the whole of the profit on non-participating policies—that is, on policies effected at the "without-profit" rates of premium; in one case they appropriate 5 per cent of the gross premium income without regard to the amount of the surplus; and in four offices there is no provision whatever to prevent the proprietors from retaining as much of the surplus as they choose. It is obvious, therefore, that an investor, before effecting a policy with a proprietary office, should ascertain upon what principle (if any) the surplus funds are divided; and, in our opinion, he will do well to avoid any office in which the shareholders take a larger proportion than 10 per cent.

We proceed to examine the prospects offered to an investor by certain proprietary offices, and we will begin with one of the best. The Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Company, which was established in 1836, is, we believe, a thoroughly sound and respectable concern. It has for many years past returned its policyholders a simple reversionary bonus of 35s. per cent per annum on the amount assured. Assuming that rate to be maintained, the following table shows the result of effecting an endowment insurance for £1000 with the Company for 15, 25, and 35 years:

Age at Entry.	Age when payable.	Annual Premium.	Premiums accumulated at 2½ per cent compound interest.	Policy and Bonus at Maturity.	Loss as compared with a 2½ per cent investment.
35	50	£ 68 15 0	£ 1263	£ 1262	£ 1
35	60	41 17 6	1466	1437	29
25	60	28 13 4	1614	1612	2

It will be seen that the Company offers as nearly as possible a 2½ per cent (compound interest) investment, with the life insurance to boot; and, as we have said before, this is as much as can reasonably be expected from any mutual office. The shareholders, it is true, appropriate 10 per cent of the quinquennial surplus, *plus* the whole of the profit on the non-participating policies; but, on the other hand, there is an excellent provision that they shall defray all management expenses in excess of 10 per cent of the premium income.

The interim reversionary bonus is at the proportionately low rate of £1 per cent per annum. Endowment insurances should, therefore, when possible, be effected for a period terminating shortly after a quinquennial valuation. This might make a difference of as much as £30 on a policy for £1000.

In contrast with the foregoing results, let us examine those offered by the "Life Association of Scotland," an office of nearly the same age, and also of undoubted respectability, under whose regulations "the directors declare annually such dividend as they think proper." Being thus complete masters of the situation, it does infinite credit to their charitable instincts that they have been content for a dozen years or more with a modest "dividend" of 15 per cent per annum, and an annual

"bonus" of about 3 per cent, on their capital of £87,500. We do not know how far the thought of this self-denial on the part of the shareholders assists endowment insurers to be satisfied with a simple reversionary bonus of £1 per cent per annum, which gives the following results on a policy for £1000:

Age at Entry.	Age when payable.	Annual Premium.	Premiums accumulated at 2½ per cent compound interest.	Policy and Bonus at Maturity.	Loss as compared with a 2½ per cent investment.
35	50	£ 67 1 8	£ 1233	£ 1150	£ 83
35	60	41 0 10	1437	1250	187
25	60	27 15 0	1562	1350	212

It is not so certain, however, that the policyholders will continue to have even this meagre measure of satisfaction. There are no fewer than four conflicting interests in this Company, viz.:

1. The shareholders, who take what they like out of the surplus.

2. Class A, now closed, the members of which have since 1892 been called upon to pay an increased premium, and have been holding "indignation" meetings, that have only served to demonstrate their own powerlessness.

3. Class B, the members of which have since 1860 been getting a reversionary bonus (contingent on surviving their expectation of life, as given by the Company's tables) of £4 per cent per annum.

4. Class A3, the members of which pay the same rates as class B, but receive a bonus as much below an ordinary average as that of class B is above it.

The question is, Whence do the shareholders expect to derive their dividends? Will class A contribute? We think not. At the last valuation the liability on policies in that class (which constituted nearly one-half of the entire liability of the Association) was computed on the assumption that the funds would accumulate at the rate of 4 per cent per annum, which, seeing that the average rate earned during the preceding five years was only £4 15. per cent, was sailing tolerably near the wind. The margin allowed for expenses, contingencies, &c., was only 7½ per cent of the premiums proper to the class; and the reduced bonuses which it was intended to pay thenceforward were provided for as though they were *annuities certain*. Here, then, everything is tied up pretty closely; and, whatever class A may have achieved in the past, it seems clear that it can no longer be expected to assist towards either shareholders' dividends or the monster bonuses of class B. As for class B itself, the older policyholders are certainly to be congratulated. We believe that the scheme was invented by the late manager: if so, it was eminently well calculated to last his time, as the bonuses only *rest*, on an average, in thirty years from the date of the policy—that is to say, taking an average of insurers of all ages, a man has to live about thirty years in order to survive his expectation of life. Doubtless the scheme has played an important part in the attraction of new business. But the penalty must be paid; and, as the average rate of interest earned by the Association has dropped more than one-half per cent since the calculations were made on which the deferred bonus was based, the penalty may prove a heavy one. Already it is whispered that the bonus of class B is a kind of Aaron's serpent, swallowing the bonuses of the other classes; and, whether this is the fact or not, we are convinced that the proprietors have nothing more to hope for in that quarter. After all, then, the brunt must fall on the unfortunate whole-life and endowment insurers in class A3, and the poor little bonus of 25s. a year in the one case, and £1 a year in the other, must, if we are not greatly mistaken, be yet further attenuated—for there are limits, we suppose, even to the charity of the directors. An obvious alternative would be to abandon the big "B" bonus; but what of the effect of that on the new business? We doubt whether any other office in the kingdom is in so extraordinary a position, and it will be interesting to see what step is taken at the next investigation in 1896, and whether the shareholders determine to cling to the absolute powers of self-help which they at present possess.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND DIVIDEND.

THE Bank of England dividend, which was declared on Thursday at the rate of $8\frac{1}{2}$ per cent per annum for the past half-year, still falls considerably below what may be termed fairly its normal rate of 10 per cent, which has been maintained, with few exceptions, for some forty years. This continued reduction is doubtless due more to the "irregularities" that were discovered some eighteen months ago than to the stagnant state of the money market. During the long period we have named, the rate of discount has varied from 10 to 2 per cent, and has materially affected the dividends of all other banks; yet the Bank dividend has practically maintained its uniformity. The explanation is, of course, that the profits of the Bank of England, arising from banking business *per se*, contribute a very small proportion of the resources from which the dividends are drawn. It is not the practice of the Bank to give details, but even in their absence it is possible to arrive at an estimate not wholly unprofitable or very wide of the mark. The capital and rest amount to some £18,000,000. Considering the extended period over which this amount has been invested, $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent is a rate of interest that need not be thought excessive. This would yield some £800,000. Adding £200,000 for the profit from the Bank-Note Issue, and an equal amount for the management of the National Debt, we have a total of £1,200,000. The expenses may be set down at £200,000; and, if this is too low an estimate, the profit derived from printing rupee notes, postal orders, &c., is probably sufficient to cover the excess. Thus there is a net balance of £1,000,000, derived from permanent sources, which leaves a little over £200,000, at the present rate of the Bank's dividend, as the proceeds from banking business.

Now the average of balances—public and private—may for the past year be taken at about £40,000,000! If this rough general estimate is within a tenth of the fact, the question inevitably arises, Why is it that this great historic Bank, with all the attributes that ought to command success, should derive such insignificant profits in its capacity as a private banker? The most obvious answer is, want of enterprise. For this the proprietors have more to answer than the directors. At every half-yearly meeting they invariably express their satisfaction with things as they are, and seem equally grateful for what they cannot get as for what they can; and, as the directors—the proprietors' own nominees—find that they give such complete satisfaction, why should they endeavour to do more? Surely, the Bank of England, with all its exceptional advantages, ought to derive a dividend from its banking business alone which should exceed that of any of the highest class of private joint-stock banks, and which, supplemented by the income obtained from sources open to the Bank alone, would place that institution at the top of the ladder with several rungs to spare. These, of course, are purely speculative estimates; but they may induce some of the proprietors to "inquire."

Senator Morgan's recent attempt to confuse the real issue with regard to the Behring Sea Arbitration will scarcely mislead any man of ordinary sense. The refusal of the United States Government to give effect to the Behring Sea award, under which \$425,000 was to be paid in settlement of the English claims, was one of the most discreditable of the many follies of the last Congress. England owes it to her own dignity to decline to hold any further parley on the subject of so gross a breach of international good faith.

There has been an increased demand for money during the past week, partly, no doubt, in connection with the Stock Exchange Settlement, which was a heavy one, and partly owing to the withdrawal of £4,000,000 in payment of the Provincial Orel Vitebsk Railway Bonds, and of £500,000 for Chili. There are those, too, who regard the improved tone of the money market as an indication of some revival of commercial and industrial activity, and this view is supported by a slight upward movement in the prices of grain, cotton, and metals. The latter fact is certainly more convincing than

any of the arguments advanced by Mr. Bryce on Wednesday in his address to the Association of Chambers of Commerce.

Business on the Stock Exchange continues very quiet. Consols have declined slightly in sympathy with the comparative scarcity of money, and Indian Government Stocks have also been adversely affected by the rumoured intention to issue a fresh loan. Among foreign stocks the Guatemalan issues continue to advance, and there has been a distinct recovery in Uruguayan. Spanish Four per Cents also command a better price, while a material improvement took place early in the week in Mexican Bonds of 1893, and in Turkish Government securities. The South African gold fever continues, although there has been some pause in the operations of Paris buyers. The Ordinary Stock of Allsopp's Brewery has risen by "leaps and bounds" which fully bear out its reputation as a gambling stock. We fancy that the pendulum has about reached the limit of its swing, and will soon be on its way back again.

The traffic returns of the British Railway Companies still show a very serious falling off, those of the Midland Railway being the worst of all. Consequently the market has been depressed throughout the week. It will be interesting to notice whether the recent advent of fine weather is accompanied by any improvement in the returns of next week. The North British dividend for the half-year to 31 January will be at the rate of $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent per annum on the Preferred stock, which is slightly more favourable than the market anticipations.

The recent fall in Canadian and American Railway Securities has naturally been followed by a reaction due to realizations by speculators for the fall; but a careful examination of Mr. Barker's report on the affairs of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada will not tend to rehabilitate that Company, at any rate in public opinion. Mismanagement and extravagance have evidently brought the property to the very verge of bankruptcy, and it will be surprising if the proposed conference of proprietors does not result in some very plain speaking as to the discreditable conduct of the present board. Neither is it probable that the shareholders in the Canadian Pacific Railway Company will cordially endorse the view of the *Toronto Globe*, that "it is gratifying to note that the excellence of the service has been regarded as the prime consideration," and as of more importance than mere dividends.

The price of silver has appreciably improved, a result to which the satisfactory sale of India Council Bills has in all probability contributed. The prospect of an early termination of the war in the East may also have had an effect in the same direction, and the same reason has also, no doubt, tended to the greater firmness of the Chinese silver loan.

NEW ISSUES.

COMPANY PROMOTERS "IN CHANCERY."

We have just received the following letter:

To the Editor of the *Saturday Review*.

MATABELELAND LAND ADVENTURERS, LTD.

LONDON, 14 March, 1895.

SIR,—The attention of my directors has been called to an article on the Rand Southern Gold Mining Company, Limited, appearing in your issue of the 9th instant.

In that article it is stated that the Matabeleland Adventurers, Limited, are the promoters of the above-mentioned Rand Southern Gold Mining Company, Limited, and I am instructed by my directors to contradict the statement, as there is no truth whatever in it. Further, I have to request, on my directors' behalf, that you will make this correction in your next issue.

It is further stated in the article referred to that my Company is a "dummy," and that it came into existence with a purely paper capital of £11,000. This statement is a gross libel, and would appear to have been made with a view to injure this Company, if possible.

If the writer of the article had taken the trouble to investigate the correctness of the information he had

received, and on which the article was based, he would with very little labour have ascertained its untruthfulness.

I am, therefore, requested by my Board to ask you to retract without delay the erroneous statements I have pointed out, and to apologize for having made them.—I am, Sir, yours obediently,

FRED. N. NEWCOME, Secretary.

It is at least unfortunate that the "Matabeleland Adventurers," who consider themselves aggrieved by our connecting them with the promotion of the "Rand Southern Gold Mining Company," should have allowed so many days to elapse before formulating their grievance that we are left without reasonable time to make further inquiries on the points they raise. It is also matter for regret that the officers of the "Matabeleland Adventurers" should have evinced a singular disinclination to assist us in our endeavours to investigate their affairs. Nevertheless, a week hence we hope to furnish our readers with some interesting information respecting that altogether estimable syndicate. In the meanwhile, we adhere, without qualification of any sort, to the statements advanced in the article to which our correspondent takes exception; and we may add that a cursory inspection of the list of shareholders in the "Matabeleland Adventurers" has not served to inspire us with that confidence which we withheld from the prospectus of the "Rand Southern Gold Mining Company."

THE EAST NIGEL GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED.

This Company, we are told, "is formed to acquire and work the valuable gold mining properties on the Nigel Reef, known as the Cæsar and Draaikraal Blocks, . . . and generally to carry on mining and other operations in South Africa." A sufficiently large order, no doubt; although we are disposed to think that the "other operations" will scarcely be confined to South Africa, especially since we find on the Board not only Mr. H. Knatchbull-Hugessen, M.P., director of the "Rhodesian Mining and Finance Company" and of the "Rand Southern Gold Mining Company," and Mr. F. C. Poisson, director of the "Matabeleland Adventurers," but also Mr. Louis Campbell-Johnston, whose chameleon-like qualities have enabled him to pose as chairman of one Company, technical adviser to a second, manager to a third (the Ferreira Gold Mining Company), and now as a director who "represents" the anonymous vendor or vendors—we are not sure which, for the prospectus employs both singular and plural with a fine indifference—"and is interested in the sale of the property." The capital is £125,000, out of which the vendor of doubtful number whom Mr. Louis Campbell-Johnston "represents," is to have £85,000, payable as to £10,000 at least in cash. The only inducements offered to the general public to hand over that sum of money to Mr. Campbell-Johnston, in his representative character, appear to be, first, a report by Mr. Bates Dorsey, from which the prospectus culls brief extracts selected, no doubt, with admirable judgment; and, secondly, a statement of recent dividends declared by the "Nigel Gold Mining Company," which is, of course, quite another affair. "Contracts have been, or may have been" (the directors cannot tell whether or not, we suppose), "entered into with third parties as to the subscription of the capital and promotion of this Company," but the shareholders are expressly precluded from any information as to "the dates of, names of parties to, or any other particulars concerning any such" contracts. Altogether a very lively enterprise, and just such a prospectus as leaves us in no surprise that Mr. Louis Campbell-Johnston is "interested in the sale of the property."

THE NUGGET EXPLORING COMPANY, LIMITED.

The prospectus of this Company is accompanied by a friendly and disinterested hint from one P. A. Le Feuvre, of the Stock Exchange Information and Investment Bureau, who must be carefully distinguished from the octopus-like "Pieuvre" of Victor Hugo. This gentleman expects that the issue will be largely over-applied for, and, as "negotiations for the acquisition of a considerable block of shares have been commenced by the representative of a syndicate, to whose influence the recent

phenomenal success of a similar Company was mainly due," he "strongly advises" an "immediate application for shares." The promoters of the Company are the London Mining and Investment Corporation. The directors propose, in the first instance, to devote their attention more particularly to Tasmania; and when one considers that "the undeveloped mineral wealth of Tasmania is very great," that "the precious metals exist in considerable quantities in the rocks of the Silurian system," and that "several valuable properties have already been offered to the Company," including a gold mine in the Mudgee District of New South Wales, a "rich tin mine" in the Ringarooma District, highly reported on by leading colonial mining experts, and a valuable timber mill of no particular address, but capable of yielding an "estimated" net profit of £8,500 per annum on an outlay of £2,000, one is amazed to find that a mere shilling on application, another on allotment, and a third on the 2nd of May next, will enable any one to become the possessor of one of the 240,000 shares in this magnificent undertaking. Mr. Le Feuvre, too, "would point out that it is not contemplated to call up more than 3s. per share on the total liability of 5s.," and he "fully expects to see the shares quoted at a substantial premium before long." With the whole of "undeveloped" Tasmania before us, with lode tin mining "in its infancy," and with the "belief" of the directors "that a judicious outlay of capital, combined with sound and economical management, will return large dividends on the amount of money invested in this direction," we are yet vastly sceptical both as to the foundations of the directors' belief, and as to the existence of 240,000 possessors of a shilling that are willing to part with it for the exploration of the Tasmanian nugget.

THE MURCHISON UNITED GOLD MINES, LIMITED.

The capital of this Company is £100,000, in 100,000 £1 shares, of which 10,000 "have already been applied for and allotted in full," and 18,000 are now offered for subscription. The object is to acquire from the "British Coolgardie Prospecting Syndicate, Limited," the "Lily" and "Campania" leases in the Murchison Goldfields, and the price is to be £50,000, of which £13,000 is payable in cash. The directors "believe that, upon the commencement of crushing operations, the Company will start upon a dividend-earning basis." The fact that the very first name on the directorate is that of Mr. F. A. Thompson would doubtless have convinced us of the thoroughly sound character of the venture; but, unhappily, on casting our eyes down the prospectus, we observed that the managers were Messrs. James Brothers, mining engineers; and when we ascertained on inquiry that those gentlemen were largely responsible for the promotion of the Company, and that Mr. T. H. North, of Farthing-Post-Card renown, was one of the "third parties" covered by the "waiver" clause in the prospectus, we became further exercised as to the possibility that in the firm of Messrs. James Brothers might be found the Mr. Harris James, who, in concert with Mr. T. H. North, was conspicuously connected with the "Uranium" mines of disastrous memory. And for these and sundry reasons we are unable to recommend our readers to apply for the shares of the "Murchison United Gold Mines."

SALMON & GLUCKSTEIN, LIMITED.

This Company has been formed, with a capital of no less than £400,000, to acquire the tobacco shops of Messrs. Salmon and Gluckstein, who have fixed the purchase money at £300,000, payable as to one-third in shares, and as to the remainder in cash. The promoters are practically asking the public to subscribe £267,000 for the acquisition of a property as to which the prospectus states that no particulars can be given, lest the business should thereby be injured. Possibly an excellent reason this—from the point of view of the business; but we shall be considerably astonished if the public regard it as a sufficient one for embarking capital in a concern of which they know no more than the man in the street. We have seldom seen so glaring an example of unblushing and unrelieved assurance, even in the annals of Company-promotion.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"THE WOMAN WHO DID."

To the Editor of the *Saturday Review*.

THE CROFT, HIND HEAD,

HASLEMERE, 11 March, 1895.

SIR,—Will you allow me a very brief space to remove two misapprehensions which will probably arise from your review of my little idyll?

In the first place, I have never "diluted myself with Common Folly and sweetened with Cant." I have never written a single word that I did not honestly believe. What I have often complained of was that I had to hold my tongue about the things I really thought and felt, not that I had to say the things I didn't think and feel. The one is a misfortune; the other would have been an act of meanness and deception of which, I trust, I am wholly incapable.

In the second place, "The Woman who Did" was not written "swiftly" and "hotly." It was written with long and calm deliberation. I spent five years in maturing it, before I ever put pen to paper. I spent several months in writing the first outline. I spent two years in re-reading, polishing, correcting it, till every episode, every sentence, every image, every epithet had been considered and reconsidered eight or nine times over. Good or bad, it is my best possible work. There is not a word in it which I desire to change. And though I may not have pleased your critic, yet I have certainly attained the end he denies: I have written what I consider to be a work of art, and I am ready to stand or fall by it. However much reviewers may differ from one, it is at least a natural and honest desire to be judged by what one is, rather than by what one is not.—Faithfully yours,

GRANT ALLEN.

"THE CRUSADES."

To the Editor of the *Saturday Review*.

OXFORD, 18 February, 1895.

SIR,—While thanking you for your favourable notice of "The Crusades," will you allow me to point out that your critic has based his review on quite a mistaken notion, viz., that I have neglected to work up the Eastern authorities alongside of the Western ones? So far is this from being true, that I ask your leave to state that I used the Egyptian, Syrian, Armenian, Jacobite, and Greek annalists, and have been through the most important of these not merely once or twice, but three, if not four or five, times. If your critic started with this assumption, I do not wonder at some of the charges he brings against me. But it is really rather hard to be told that I think the Seljuk Turks were "unorthodox" because I say that the Shiites "would" regard them as such. Still harder is it to have it implied that my allusion to the "squalor" of seventh-century Jerusalem shows that I was ignorant of the great Mosque and sanctuary built by Abd Al Malik and Al Mamun on Mount Moriah—and this though I had only two pages before spoken of this Mosque as "splendid." It is the same when I am accused of being "unconscious" of the "high standard of conduct" maintained by Nur-ed-din, Saladin, and El Adel, and this though I give three full pages to illustrations of the generosity, the piety and just government of the first of these rulers. You cannot force three half pints into a quart measure; and in four hundred pages it was impossible to get in all I should like to have inserted—especially as, after my MSS. left my hands, I had no control over what should or what should not be retained. It is needless to give further instances of the way in which the preconceived notions of your critic have inadvertently caused him to misunderstand my meaning. I will only say that when I spoke of the "squalor" of seventh-century Jerusalem I alluded to a seventh-century document which your critic has apparently not come across. This would be evident had I not been forced, sorely against my will, to acquiesce in the excision of my description of

the Holy City (c. 700 A.D.) with its fine "stone" houses but its filthy streets after the great autumnal fair—streets so filthy that it required a "miracle" to clear them. Of course I do not pretend to read the Arabic, Armenian, or Syriac annalists in the originals.—I am, Sir, yours very truly,

T. A. ARCHER.

[Had Mr. Archer adopted the scholarly practice of giving references to his authorities, his labours might have been better recognized. We wrote of his lack of appreciation of the Mohammedan side of the question; and "three full pages" upon the virtues, coupled with "craft and greed," of Nur-ed-din, in a volume of 467 pages, do not convince us of error. Mr. Archer's elaborate preparations would doubtless have resulted in a juster view if his MS. had been unaltered; but it is scarcely generous to cast the blame upon his collaborator, even though the terms "squalor" and "unorthodox" seem inappropriate and misleading when deprived of due explanations. We hasten to assure Mr. Archer that there are several "seventh-century documents" which we have not "come across," but we fear that even these witnesses could not change our opinion of his book.—Ed. S. R.]

REVIEWS.

KOREA IN EXTREMIS.

"Corea or Cho-sen." By A. Henry Savage-Landor. London: W. Heinemann. 1895.

MR. SAVAGE-LANDOR'S reason for prefixing a portrait of himself to this volume is obviously to show that the Koreans have no eye for racial differences. "I went," he says, "by the name of 'disguised Corean,' and was always mistaken for one, notwithstanding that I was dressed in European clothes." This taxes our credulity severely. It is one of the most difficult feats a traveller can hope to accomplish to deceive an Oriental eye concerning his foreignness, even after years of study and all the advantages of an elaborate disguise. That Mr. Savage-Landor, with the face presented to us in the frontispiece, should have been regarded as disguising himself in his own clothes, is no less wonderful than his admission of the fact is modest. There is one other aspect, too, in Mr. Savage-Landor's experiences which fills us with surprise, namely, the fluency of his conversations with the natives. It is not to be supposed that he knew much Korean, as his stay in the country was limited to "several months"; therefore, the Koreans must have talked English to him. But when the present writer was there not very long before, to find a Korean who spoke English was almost impossible. The interpreter to the British Consul, a worthy Korean of more or less distinguished birth, named Kim, possessed but an inadequate acquaintance with this language, so slight, in fact, that a conversation with the king came to an end on one occasion because his vocabulary was exhausted. Yet he seemed the only Korean who knew any English at all. For a journey across the country the only interpreter to be procured was a Korean who spoke Japanese. Mr. Savage-Landor may well have been more fortunate, but we are curious to know in what tongue explanations like the following were made to him:

"If you are educated like a gentleman, you must be able to live like a gentleman," wisely said a Corean noble to me. "If you acquire an education which you cannot live up to, you are only made wretched, and your education makes you feel all the more keenly the miseries of human life. Besides, with very few exceptions, as one is born an artist, or a poet, one has to be born a gentleman to be one. All the education in the world may make you a nice man, but not a noble in the strict sense of the word."

And in what language did Mr. Savage-Landor make remarks like this: "All right, Mr. S. Do not be afraid; I shall take all the blame on myself, and you will not be punished, I promise you?"

Having liberated our mind by these minor criticisms—with the addition of a protest against "Corea" for

Korea, and the ridiculous *guecha* for *geisha*—we may say that Mr. Savage-Landor has collected material for a very readable and amusing book, and that his illustrations are strikingly accurate reproductions of scenes and figures of Korean life. His book is all the more interesting since the present year marks the end of the old Hermit Kingdom. Korea is *in extremis*. She is what the French call "agonizing"; and her picturesqueness, which springs, like most of the picturesqueness of the Far East, from ignorance, savagery, misgovernment, and filth, will rapidly disappear under Japanese influence. The picturesqueness of the Court, for instance, is already gone. The king no longer drinks out of gold and eats off silver; on the contrary, he doubtless thinks himself fortunate when his meals are served to him on the lacquered apparatus of a Japanese gentleman. The queen no longer exercises despotic rule, and practises incessant and death-dealing intrigue. She is paying so great a penalty, on the other hand, for her past misdeeds that not one single handmaid has been left to help her to don the remains of her royal robes, or to perform the elaborate and somewhat offensive details of the royal toilet. The foolish and costly Court ceremonies have come to a sudden end. Mr. Savage-Landor gives a gruesome description of how half a dozen men, condemned to death, were tied fast upon wooden crosses fixed upright in rough bullock-carts, and promenaded all day through the streets of Seoul, their escort stopping to drink at every wine-shop, and how when evening approached, they were hurriedly taken out through one of the gates and their heads chopped off with blunt swords outside. This will never be seen again; nor will an unfortunate Korean offender be discovered walking through the streets with his head securely fixed in a hole in the middle of a twelve-foot plank, which his cruel fellows pull and twist for his torture and their delight. Babies' stomachs will no doubt still be scraped to send them to sleep; a row of men and women may still squat on the roof of a house, making an artificial wind with their jackets and petticoats in order to counteract the breeze during a conflagration; parties walking at night in the country will still get over the ground fast, as the last man keeps running to the head of the file in order not to be the victim of the tiger, which snatches the hindmost; and Koreans will no doubt remain the champion snorers of the world. But a reign of law is descending upon them, and the little Japanese officials, loaded to the muzzle with European codes, will soon impose upon this last recluse of the Orient at least the external semblance of Western organization. All this, it need hardly be added, will be to the infinite advantage of the Korean people.

Mr. Savage-Landor does not seem to know very much about either Chinese or Japanese, and he apparently gives credence to all the former say about the latter. His use of "pidgin" shows that he has not studied that interesting *lingua franca*. He makes a Chinaman say "dlunk ol no dlunk," for "drunk or not drunk." The pidgin-speaking Chinaman knows nothing of the word "or"; he would never dream of using the expression "ol," but would simply say "dlunk, no dlunk." The author says that Chinese executioners never miss a blow. The present writer has unfortunately seen a Chinese executioner with all the horrible incapacity here attributed to his Korean *confrère*. Nor is it "a common occurrence in China for criminals, kneeling in a row to be executed, to crack jokes among themselves and even at the executioner's expense." "Until the other day," says the author, Korea was "to all intents an independent kingdom, since China had not for many years exercised her rights of suzerainty." Chinese suzerainty *vis-à-vis* other nations, was, it is true, only insisted upon at Chinese convenience, but for many years past Korean government has practically been under the thumb of the notorious Yuen, the representative of China, or rather of Li Hung-chang, in Seoul. Finally, to describe the object of the Japanese protection of Korea as being "to satisfy the ambition of a childish nation," is to show oneself quite oblivious of the whole history and spirit of Japanese-Korean relations. On the less weighty matters, however, as we have said, Mr. Savage-Landor's book may be confidently opened for instruction and entertainment. It is probably the last account that will be written of this people in their barbarism.

LORD NORTON ON SOCIALISM.

"Socialism." By Lord Norton. London: Rivington, Percival & Co. 1895.

WE might anticipate, perhaps, that Lord Norton would be dull, that his insight would be vanishingly small, and his logic obscure; but we did not credit any combination of these failings with the possible production of such a positively immoral work as this tract on "Socialism." We use "immoral" in its only intelligible sense of "anti-social." There is that in Lord Norton's work which, if it ever came into the hands of the starving and oppressed, would add fuel to the fierce hatred of class by class, and would foster those revolutionary tendencies which may shake our modern social system to its foundations.

To speak of Kidd as "a moral Darwin" and author of the "latest and most remarkable work on the subject" (Socialism) is merely want of insight; to cite the Patriarch Abraham's slave establishment as throwing any light on the social difficulties of to-day is merely stupid; or to talk of the Franciscans as leading a life of "practical exemplarity" is merely ignorance. But what are we to say of the following series of extracts?

"But the tribute of wealth due to poverty, which neither laws nor organization can secure, can only be charitably supplied. Rich and poor must draw together, the one in being made low, the other in being exalted in a partnership of mutual service."

"All Scripture would have to be obliterated to get rid of divine authority for the interdependence of richer and poorer in one ultimate account between them. It is a part of the scheme of human probation that there should be richer and poorer to serve one another."

"Rich and poor have a partnership in close relation, the more closely binding by the very inequalities of their condition. Considered as members of one body their social account has this one inequality of opportunity, that the rich may derive the highest benefit from intercourse with the poor, while the poor are only supplied with material needs of far less value—means of honourable and grateful but merely temporal livelihood."

"It is St. Paul's prescription for 'equality' among the rich and poor of his disciples—that 'your abundance also may be a supply for their want' (2 Cor. viii. 14)—the rich supplying means of industry, and the poor an honest service, so that one should have nothing over for selfish waste, and the other no lack of material for reciprocity. In such equality of intercourse the rich have a moral advantage."

In other words, instead of a healthy society built on work all round, it is, according to Lord Norton, a divine ordinance that there shall be poor charitably dependent on the rich (the charitable supplement of the wage fund is for him the ideal of Christian Socialism!), and in this "equality of intercourse" the rich have a moral advantage. The poor—presumably in both slum and casualward—exist to satisfy the spiritual needs of the other tenth of the community, and the only thing the poor have to complain of is the want of the "moral advantage" of contributing to charities! We have read something about the rich man and the eye of the needle, which was supposed to be a consolation for Lazarus, but Lord Norton's interpretation of the "moral advantage" of Dives is a new reading of Christianity. Professor Marshall hopes that poverty and ignorance may gradually disappear. Not at all! "There will always be a margin left for the exercise of private charity. Omniscience has forewarned that the poor shall never cease."

After this, is it worth while to cite such passages as the following?

"Amiable Socialists would stipulate for what they call a 'living wage.' . . . There are cognate phrases, such as 'living as a Christian,' or 'as a fighting-cock,' which, dropping metaphor, mean living in good condition."

Or "Equality of rights implies no equality of condition. There can be no *a priori* right to property, which is the creation of the laws of various societies."

The latter grants everything which the political Socialists of to-day care about; the law giveth and the law taketh away. The former identifies Dives, the Christian, and the fighting-cock in a manner indicating

that Lord Norton knows as little of the spirit of Christianity as he knows of the social spirit of modern Socialism.

A YEAR OF SPORT.

"A Year of Sport and Natural History." Edited by Oswald Crawford. London: Chapman & Hall. 1895.

THOSE who associate with the *nom-de-plume* of "John La Touche" the memory of one of the most attractive of modern books of European travel, and recognize in the name responsible for the volume before us the presence of that gifted writer, will approach this series of field sports and field studies with the most sanguine expectations. In the plan of the book, and, even occasionally, in the execution they will not be disappointed. The volume is not, as might be supposed, a mere raking up of the ephemeral contents of a not very successful weekly paper. Though the contents appeared week by week, the plan of the book had been formed from the first, and each section of the work fitted exactly into the place designed for it by the editor's shaping mind.

The editor's plan was to deal, in their due sequence, with the most interesting phases of sport and natural history in the British Islands. The contents of the book are classified in order of the months, the proper sports for each month being arranged together under the heading of that month, from January to December. The direct studies of natural history are confined to March and April, when there is a lull in the use of dog and gun. Forty-five phases of sport and natural history are comprised in the volume, and the illustrations are numerous, and excellent in point of art, though often stronger in fancy and invention than intimate knowledge of the subject.

When we come to the letterpress it is necessary to distinguish, for while the editor has some of his team well in hand, others not seldom wander from the high-road. The article on "Rabbit Shooting" is probably the best specimen of the articles that adhere to the scope of the plan; which is not unnatural, considering its authorship. Composed with rare selective skill, giving carefully the essential, omitting the accidental, it is a model of what each of the forty-five articles should have been. The style has a quiet felicity, and the tone is truly sportsmanlike. The remarks on over-preservation of rabbits are reasonable and by no means unnecessary as a suggestion to modern English sportsmen, who are inclined too commonly to measure the quality of a day's sport by the size of the bag. Though ferreting rabbits may be pursued in "the frost-bound month of February," the severe weather, if it lasts long, is apt to spoil the sport. This year, for instance, the want of food in the great frost has made the rabbits quite weak and unfit to shoot. Even when the snow did not completely cover the grass, what remained exposed was completely burned up and had no nutriment, or, as they say in the West Country, "no nature" in it.

The happy selective instinct shown in "Rabbit Shooting" is not found in most of the other articles. They too often drop into mere transcripts of a single day's sport, as, for instance, the article on "Wild Swan Shooting," which may indeed be called shooting but can scarcely be called sport, and which, considering that these fine birds are useless for food, comes perilously near the slaughtering of gulls, a practice universally condemned as unsportsmanlike; for to kill merely for the pleasure of killing is not the characteristic of the true sportsman but of his cockney imitator.

Even Homer is not always at his best, and the article on "Duck Shooting in the Broads," though following the same plan, is not equal in execution to "Rabbit Shooting," or "Partridge Shooting," having neither the same mastery of the subject nor, we should imagine, the same experience of the sport described. "Long-shore Shooting" contains some useful practical hints for the shooter, though we doubt the statement that shooters nowadays use the muzzle-loader for this sport; and in preference to the 12-bore recommended by the editor we should suggest a 10-bore, left barrel fullchoke, right modified, with heavier charges than he names and chilled shot. By-the-by, the golden dye (*sic*) is not, we imagine, a duck commonly met with.

The series of articles furnishes a very complete hand-book of sport to each month of the year, with the exception of August. For some unexplained reason "Grouse Shooting" is omitted, though "Partridge Shooting" heads the list in September, and "Pheasant Shooting" in October. This is a distinct want, and should be supplied in the next edition of the book; for that so comprehensive and excellent a year-book of sport will be popular with the large class of readers who are lovers of sport cannot be doubted for a moment. When this opportunity comes, errors of spelling, such as "tyro" for "tiro," "Boirdale" for "Boisdale," will no doubt be corrected.

Among the best written and most interesting sections of the book are those which deal with natural history, which describe our birds of prey, and give some account of the nesting of sea-birds, moor-birds, and tree-nesting birds. The articles on fishing are capable and interesting; and some, notably that on "Char Fishing," by H. A. Bryden, excellently well written. The fishing on the great lakes of Westmeath, when the green drake is "up" and every one is out "dapping" for the great lake trout, better deserved an article than the fishing of the chub in fresh water, or of the bass in salt. The articles on the habits and chase of the wild red-deer of Exmoor show an intimate knowledge of the subject, and are well written. Interesting, too, is the somewhat belated paper, classed under May, "The Tricks of Poachers," though we venture to doubt the statement that "even the squire who suffers has a soft place in his heart for the dexterous and bold poacher, and lets him off with a light sentence." The regular reader of a "Legal Pillory," which is the most useful feature of a well-known weekly paper, could tell a different tale. A thing worth noticing in this connection is the evidence throughout the volume of a kindly and sympathetic spirit towards poachers and farmers where their interests and the sportsman's clash. This is an undesigned and therefore valuable indication of the direction in which the stream of public opinion is setting. That sportsmen should realize any hardship their privileges may entail on others, should endeavour to make compensation, and, as far as may be, to give to the peasant and the farmer a share and therefore an interest in their sport, is the only feasible way of preserving those privileges at all as the masses come to enlarge their power and the Government of our country develops into a real as distinguished from a nominal democracy.

ESSAYS BY MR. CHURTON COLLINS.

"Essays and Studies." By John Churton Collins. London: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

WITH the exception of an essay on Menander, which first appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine*, the articles here collected are studies in English literature reprinted from the *Quarterly Review*. They deal with the life and works of Dryden, Lord Chesterfield's Letters, Shakespeare's early dramatic contemporaries, and Shakespeare's editor and critic, Lewis Theobald. Mr. Collins occupies a distinguished place of his own among contemporary critics of literature. He has opinions and dares to give them uncompromising expression; he has energy; he has learning; he asserts authority; he maintains a tradition. His wide range of study is a measure for his ardent interest in literature; but he treats his authors less as a lover than as a judge; he dreads extravagance of the emotions; he does not choose to subtilize and refine; he does not lie down to repose, to browse, to ruminate; he toils, investigates, accumulates, arranges, pronounces. Each of the articles is in the full-dress *Quarterly* style, arrayed to receive company; and each is excellent in its kind. The writer is never either indolent or irresponsible; he is a critic in all his war-paint; and, when on the war-path, a stern sense of duty occasionally obliges him to take a scalp. In his learning and his energy Mr. Collins has something in common with that eminent, combative French critic, M. Brunetière; in both there is the lack of a certain kind of charm; from both we receive stimulus and instruction, but M. Brunetière has the literary advantage of proving himself a thinker in other provinces than that of letters.

The article on the Predecessors of Shakespeare

reviews Mr. Symonds' volume on English dramatic literature, and it can hardly be described as being too severe in its strictures of Mr. Symonds' extravagances of style, while it does not fail in recognition of his distinguished services to history and literature. The time has surely come to judge the Elizabethan dramatists with sanity. In the early years of the present century, when, in a certain sense, they were "discovered," the generous error of the inventor of new joys was pardonable. Yet error there was. "We are quite willing," writes Mr. Collins, "to go as far as Lamb and Hazlitt in eulogistic criticism, and in our opinion Lamb and Hazlitt went quite far enough." But in truth, Lamb and Hazlitt, in their comments on Elizabethan dramatists, sometimes went much too far. Hazlitt was not deeply read in our elder drama; he tried to take his authors at a rush: he heated himself by eager potations of poetry for the delivery of his lectures. Where an author could be conquered by *elan* and a sudden assault, as proved to be the case with Marlowe, he said true and brilliant things; but he often wrote with characteristic excess. Where the slow process of sap and mine, aided by a train of siege-artillery, was required, as with Ben Jonson's dramatic work, Hazlitt failed to make a practicable breach, and fell back defeated. Lamb, on the other hand, was steeped in certain parts of Elizabethan literature, and he wrote out of an intimate delight; but Lamb gave himself away to the enjoyment of this happy moment or of that, and sometimes lost all sense of proportion. Of the closing scenes of Ford's "Broken Heart," he wrote: "I do not know where to find in any play a catastrophe so grand, so solemn, and so surprising as this." In fact it is a piece of the rhetorical heroic and of mechanical pseudo-pathos, as hard and false as much else that Ford has written. And, apart from Shakespeare and the best pieces of Ben Jonson, a play excellent throughout is rare in Elizabethan literature.

Mr. Collins argues with ample learning that the English Romantic drama, both in tragedy and comedy, proceeded not from the miracle and morality, modified by classical and Italian influences, but directly from the Romantic drama of Italy. "There," he says, "not in England, was accomplished the revolution which transformed the tragedy of Seneca into the tragedy of Marlowe, and the comedy of Plautus and Terence into the comedy of Lyly and Greene." It is not easy to overstate the influence of Italian on English literature in Elizabethan days, but there was also a direct study of ancient models, and the elder vernacular drama was potent, and especially in comedy. The task for criticism is to distinguish these several strains, and to assign to each its due importance; but we cannot discuss a matter involving much detail in a paragraph. Of Marlowe, to whom Mr. Collins refuses the high place among dramatists commonly assigned to him, he writes (and it is an admirable word of criticism): "What we fail to see in Marlowe is any indication of power in reserve." Yes, Marlowe was a spendthrift of his genius, and his genius was of a kind which rapidly tends to exhaust itself. But we cannot assent to the critic's statement that Marlowe's genius was "in essence the very reverse of dramatic." There is a drama which starts from the conception of complex character and situation; and there is also a drama which idealizes and incarnates a passion. It is strictly true to say, as Mr. Collins says, that Marlowe's chief personages are delineations, not of human beings, but of superhuman passions; to exhibit, however, the play of a gigantic passion may be in a high degree dramatic, though in a different school from the Shakespearian. We are heartily at one with Mr. Collins in his enjoyment of the best poetry of Robert Greene, and applaud him for his attempt to vindicate Greene's life from the worst accusations of his enemies. Yet, at best, it was a sorry life, and some of the psychological interest of Greene's writings is lost if we fail to recognize either the poor and shameful shifts of his heart and will or the ideal promptings of his imagination.

The article on Theobald is a just rendering of honour, established by a careful array of evidence, to a critic of rare genius and honest industry, whose reputation long suffered from the envenomed vanity and the genius of Pope. Students of Shakespeare have indeed been aware of their debt to the victim of the "Dunciad." Thus, to

cite only one, it is forty years since Mr. Grant White described Theobald as "one of the very best editors who have fallen to the lot of Shakespeare," and "the first who did any great service by conjectural emendation and the judicious use of the quartos." But such a statement as this hardly carries conviction to the general reader; it needs to be supported and enforced by such detailed proof as Mr. Collins triumphantly adduces. To deliver an innocent man from the galleys, to advocate his cause before the courts of justice, and to establish that he was not only innocent but an eminent benefactor of his fellows, is an achievement in which the advocate may take an honest pride. The body of Lewis Theobald was followed to the grave at Pancras by a solitary friend; but troops of friends should now, after a century and a half, hold his memory in honour. Criticism can perform no worthier task than that of revenging the injuries of time.

POETRY OR PROSE?

"Poems by Robert Southey." Chosen and arranged by E. Dowden. London: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

PROFESSOR DOWDEN claims for Southey's poetry, in the introduction to this volume, that while "it does not create many new combinations of feeling, it does [not?] render into art a great body of original thought or passion; it rarely gives flawless utterance to lyrical moments"; yet "it deepens the channel in which our best habitual emotions flow; it presents high ideals of character and conduct; it worthily celebrates heroic action." It is clear from this that Prof. Dowden's estimate of Southey is based on the moral qualities of his poetry rather than on its purely literary qualities. We think Prof. Dowden is right. Southey did not, in fact, possess any of the gifts required for the true "poetic poetry," if we may venture the phrase: his ear was faulty, he was no master of language, his work was fused in no flame of imaginative emotion, it neither carries us away nor haunts our memory. How is it, then, that his name stands as high as it does stand? No one, competent to judge, would question that Crabbe, for instance, had a genius altogether profounder and more intense: yet Crabbe, in the popular estimation, is probably a much less considerable name than Southey. Partly, perhaps, this is due to Southey's close association with greater men: Coleridge and Wordsworth reflect on him a part of their glory. Much, again, is due to his undoubted personal charm and the nobility of his character, gaining something by contrast with the weakness of Coleridge. Yet it is difficult to suppose that nothing of Southey's reputation rests on his poetry alone; and if his poetry reveals any conspicuous merit, it is, we think, a gift for narrative. Now, this gift is by no means a common one with our poets. How few masterpieces of verse narration do we possess! The very richness of the poetry of the greatest men is a hindrance to their triumph: "plethora of thought," as Wordsworth said, would have strangled Shakespeare in an epic. Southey had not this impediment; he keeps to the thread of his story, and maintains a respectable level of lucid verse, which does not distract the attention too violently. It was this gift which gave him, probably, his original fame; but whether it is as well adapted to procure him readers to-day as in his own generation, is another question, which the selection before us may help to answer; for though it does not, of course, do justice to the tales, as tales, it may possibly send readers to the complete works. In any case, Prof. Dowden has rendered literature a service; for the book will probably be read, if only through the popularity of the series to which it belongs: and thus the somewhat shadowy reputation enjoyed by Southey may be reduced to a definite estimate, the estimate of a writer who is read, not merely read of.

"Ballads in Prose." By Nora Hopper. Lane. 1895.

Miss Hopper's book appears at a favourable moment, when the tide of enthusiasm for the Celt and the "Celtic spirit" in literature runs so high. It will be welcomed by all who are touched by that enthusiasm, and deservedly so; for the charm of the Celtic art is present in no small degree in its pages. That sense for haunting

melody, that shyness of instinct which avoids strong outline, yet which gives in elusive glimpses effects so vivid, that melancholy all the more penetrating because intangible, that passion for the twilight, for the vague; all these characteristic qualities mark Miss Hopper's writing. Possibly the Saxon reader will complain that the stories are sometimes a little unintelligible, that the point is obscured in mystic colour and music: he may ask, "Will no one tell me what she sings?"

and perhaps not be content merely with being sure that the strain is of "old, unhappy, far-off things." In one point we think there is some ground for complaint. Miss Hopper was ill-advised in choosing the term "Ballad" for her pieces: for the ballad, of all forms of poetry, seems most to cry for verse, with the speed and lightness which metre gives, and which count for so much in narration. These stories have nothing characteristic of the ballad: why use a misleading title? The lyrics interspersed reveal Miss Hopper as mistress of a melodious gift; indeed, they are more successful, in our judgment, than the prose pieces.

"O lips forgetful and kindness fickle,

The swallow goes south with you; I go west,

Where fields are empty and scythes at rest.

I am the poppy, and you the sickle;

My heart is broken within my breast."

The charm of this is undeniable. We should like to see Miss Hopper try her hand in a ballad proper; in the severer form, her writing, while doubtless retaining the fineness of its Celtic quality, might lose some of its Celtic defects, to which the laxer mood of prose contributes.

ARCHBISHOP LAUD.

"Life and Times of William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury." By C. H. Simpkinson, Rector of Farnham. John Murray. 1894.

MR. SIMPKINSON comes forward avowedly as the advocate of Archbishop Laud. To obtain an acquittal for his client it behoves him to traverse either the facts or the inferences drawn from them, and to show in detail that they are wrong, or have been misrepresented in their bearing. Above all, he should not pass lightly over those parts of the case hitherto regarded as the most damning.

Unfortunately, Mr. Simpkinson rarely gets to close quarters with facts, and when he does try to grapple with them makes the fatal error of trying to prove too much. Thus it would have been quite sufficient vindication of Laud if he had been able to show that, though he supported attempts to put down liberty in Church and State, he yet acted honestly according to his lights, without personal vindictiveness or cruelty. But Mr. Simpkinson tries to justify Laud to a democratic age by the assertion that he was the martyr of a democratic party unsuccessfully resisting aristocratic and plutocratic oppression. When we remember that of the House of Lords only a score of members supported the Parliamentary Party, and that, except in a few counties like Buckinghamshire, three-fourths of the country gentlemen were Cavaliers, we can only wonder at such a preposterous paradox. But, according to Mr. Simpkinson, not only was Laud a democratic leader, but "they" (Laud and Co.) "felt that the Commons were really intent on stifling all freedom of opinion in religion and politics; hostile to the growth of art, learning, and literature, which was to become the glory of the Laudian régime; insisting on immunity for the vices of the upper class, while they deprived the down-trodden peasants of their innocent amusements." Two instances are cited to prove this thesis. One, a reference from Eden's "Poor Law," to the effect that the Parliaments of James I. passed several Acts to keep down wages; and the other, Laud's prosecution of Lady Purbeck for adultery. As for the first, the action of a Parliament in the reign of James, when Puritan was a term of reproach, can hardly be considered evidence against the character of a Parliament fifteen or twenty years afterwards, when the Puritans had, largely owing to Laud's prosecutions, become a predominant faction. As for the second, Lady Purbeck's case by no means bears out the inference drawn. Lady Purbeck had been forced by royal command to marry Lord Purbeck, the Duke of Buckingham's brother, and

suffered much from him. He went mad, she left him, and lived with Sir Robert Howard as his wife. In 1624 she had been cited before the High Commission Court, which had ordered separation from her husband and penance for her offence. This was during James's reign, when Laud was only a non-resident Bishop of St. Davids; and if credit is to be attached to any one for prosecuting in such a case, it cannot attach to Laud. It must rather be imputed to the family pride of Buckingham. Eleven years afterwards she came to town with the man who was, to all practical intents, her husband, and by whom she had a family. On Laud's order she was arrested, imprisoned, and ordered to perform her penance. But again, if any credit is to be attached to the persecution of the poor lady, it is not to Laud it must attach, but to Charles I., who, either as the friend of the sainted Buckingham, or as the model and outraged husband, set Laud and the High Commission Court in motion. If afterwards Laud's action in other matrimonial cases, such as that of Alington, who had married his half-niece, was urged against him by the Commons, it was not because he insisted on making peccant ladies stand in white sheets (nothing would have more delighted the Puritans), but because the High Commission Court had no business to fine and imprison in matrimonial cases. In Alington's case, a prohibition had actually been issued by a Common Law Court. Long before Laud had anything to do with the High Commission Court, Coke and all the judges had protested against the illegality of its proceedings in such cases.

But it is idle to pretend that the High Commission Court was in those or any other cases a popular court, used only to keep the great in order. As long as Nero stained his hands only with blue blood, he was safe. He was killed when he fell on the cobblers. If Laud had only used unconstitutional measures against Lady Purbeck's and Sir Giles Alington's matrimonial escapades, he would himself have escaped the scaffold. He fell because he roused the citizens of London and the weavers of Norwich against him by his brutal treatment of dissenting tinkers and tailors as in the case of the Lanes, and the Black Friars' conventiclers.

As for liberty of thought, there was not indeed much difference between Laud and his opponents. But Laud was in power. If he had only used his power to prohibit all discussion on religion, whatever might be thought of his wisdom, nothing could have been said against his fairness. It may seem odd to us that people should have been ready to endure the loss of ears, liberty, and livelihood, if not life, for the pleasure of discussing "fate, freewill, foreknowledge absolute." But these were the subjects they really cared about, and these were the subjects they were not allowed to discuss. Laud, on the other hand, attached equally exaggerated importance to the particular position of the communion table and to people bowing to it, to wearing a piece of white linen called a surplice instead of a black gown, and to the amount of mystic properties bestowed on a particular class of ministers, on whose heads some other ministers had put their hands. He was prepared to wreck, and in the event did wreck, not only the Constitution, but the Church itself, in the attempt to prevent adverse discussion on these points and to force their acceptance on everybody.

Mr. Simpkinson is so lost in admiration of Laud's tenets that he regards his opponents as nothing but malignant libellers, and passes over, with a bare mention in a single sentence, the atrocious ear-clippings and nose-slittings of Prynne and Leighton. This will not do; for, if the whitewasher wants to do his work effectively, he must not ignore the dirtiest corners, and he must use his brush with more discretion and more attention to detail than Mr. Simpkinson.

AN ITALIAN FABULIST.

"The Nights of Straparola." Now first translated into English by W. G. Waters. Illustrated by E. R. Hughes. London: Lawrence & Bullen. 1895.

WE doubt whether there was any crying need for an English version of the "Piacevoli Notti," but at all events it may be admitted that Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen and Mr. Waters have done their best to make

the venture attractive. Straparola is one, and not the most brilliant, of a group of Italian novelists of the beginning of the sixteenth century, who took up the art of narrative where it had been dropped so long before by Boccaccio and Sacchetti. Of these tellers of lascivious tales, Massuccio of Salerno was the earliest, while the best known, at all events in England, are Bandello and Cinthio, who exercised so potent an influence on our own Elizabethan literature. Mr. Waters would have earned our thanks if he had made his introduction a little more comparative, and had shown us the place taken by Straparola among his contemporaries. To have done so would, perhaps, have weakened his situation, for there is nothing to be said in praise of Straparola which could not with equal justice be maintained about Parabosco, and with far greater truth about Il Lasca. A translation of the stories of the latter, by the way, would be a capital task for Mr. Waters, for Grazzini is absolutely unknown to English readers.

Little or nothing is known about the author of the "Piacevoli Notti." In 1508 there was published in Venice a volume of miscellaneous poetry—sonnets, *strabotti*, and the like—by Zoan Francesco Starparola da Caravazo; another such volume, perhaps a reprint, appeared in 1515. It has been taken for granted that the Straparola, who, in 1550, issued the "Notti," was the same man, and that his Christian name was Giovanni Francesco. But it is all conjecture, and he may have been the son of the sonneteer. The "Piacevoli Notti" attained a great popularity, no fewer than sixteen editions making their appearance within twenty years. The European reputation of the book was further extended by the French translation of Pierre de la Rivey, which was widely read. Of late years, Straparola has found acceptance among folk-lorists, owing to the fact that he took many of the Oriental fairy-tales, which had reached Vienna from Asia, as the source of his inspiration, and thus introduced to Europe the stories which afterwards became still more widely disseminated by Madame d'Aulnoy and Perrault. For instance, four of the "Thousand and One Nights" are told by Straparola, of course long before Galland or any other European had met with the originals. Puss in Boots, it is said by Mr. Waters, is "an original product of Straparola's brain." We doubt whether so high a compliment can safely be paid to the idle tale-teller of Caravaggio. He was not likely to create so fine a legend, but that he was the first to give it literary form is no small feather in his cap.

The stories in the "Notti" are rarely told with much vigour, and the style of Straparola is notoriously languid and incorrect. It is, yet, impossible not to read them without pleasure, so intimately do they reflect the atmosphere and colour of the late Italian renaissance. They give, with considerable realism, an impression of the lax, graceful, and picturesque existence of the upper and middle classes in the Venice of the early seventeenth century, at Murano, indeed, where a princely company meets around the bishop-elect of Lodi and his beautiful daughter, Lucretia. We are astonished at the grossness of the tales they tell to one another, and especially at the outrageous cynicism of their *double entendres*, but in all this Straparola merely followed the universal fashion of the age. Bandello was an archbishop, but no archbishops nowadays, in the inmost penetralia of their palaces, hint at such stories as Bandello boldly printed. Mr. Waters' translation is graceful and exact, although he has shrunk—and we do not blame him—from a literal reproduction of the "enigmas." We must warmly commend Mr. E. R. Hughes's designs, which appear to be reproduced from water-colour drawings. The subjects they illustrate are often of a somewhat questionable nature, but the designs themselves are full of refinement and beauty, and add much to the attractiveness of these handsome volumes.

FICTION.

"At the Gates of Samaria." By W. J. Locke. London: William Heinemann. 1895.

"AT the Gates of Samaria" is a fresh book exhibiting the "new woman"—this time a young girl with the romantic name of Clytie Davenant, whose soul

yearns for freedom and an expression of itself in Art. She leaves humdrum Durdleham and her conventional sisters, and goes to London to live in the King's Road, over a shop. There she makes a friend of John Kent, a faint-hearted numismatist, with gentle, sympathetic manners—a woman's hero. The catastrophe of marriage with a passionate man of the world occurs, for a time interrupting Art. But when Clytie discovers that her husband, worse than a villain, is a "brute" in his *sub rosa* affairs, she leaves him and goes back to the King's Road and Art—and to John Kent, who had not the courage to plead his love before her marriage to another, but boldly declares it immediately after. They eat at the same table, but do not appear to the world as man and wife, though Clytie offers herself "At the Gates of Samaria." Happily the husband goes to Africa; in two years he is shot, and the lovers marry. Such is the conventional outline of the book, but we doubt if the story throws any light on the problem proposed. A novel it cannot be called, since it wholly lacks the novelist's art of construction, and as a study of life and character it is extremely stiff and unsympathetic. But it possesses some interest for the student of human nature if he views it as an allegory of the life of the woman who wrote it. Here she has poured out her heart, her philosophy of life (an honest philosophy of life, however mistaken, is always interesting), and the long, hardening struggles of her mind.

"The Secret of Wardale Court, and Other Stories." By Andrée Hope. London: Wilson & Milne. 1894.

This volume contains four unusually well-written stories from *Murray's Magazine*, *Temple Bar*, and the *English Illustrated*. The title story, which is much the longest, records the history of a young German girl with musical gifts. She goes to an English squire's house as companion to the mistress and as governess to the bright young daughter, who is to be married within a year. Daisy Schwartz is a well-drawn character, and a lovable one. In her quiet way she wins the hearts of all the family, and even the passion of the cold, stately Sir Alured. But the tale, told in its gentle, truthful way, is a tragedy involving the deaths of two little children, one the five-year-old son of the house, who was found drowned in a pool some years before Daisy's advent, the other her own blind sister, who subsequently came to live near her. The secret concerns the charming mistress of the house, but we will spare our readers the details. The first three stories are stories of plot; the last short one is a study of a beautiful woman who gave up the lover of her youth, when he came back to her in later life, to her young and no less beautiful daughter. It is an interesting study of a mature woman's heart-history.

"How He Became a Peer." By James Thirsk. Two vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1894.

Even the most trashy novels sometimes find excuse for being put into good print and binding instead of the usual cheap sixpenny form that suits them better, and "How He Became a Peer" is one of them. Its excuse is a certain possible political significance, though the party in whose behalf it is written should be ashamed of it. The story relates how the bastard son of an English bookmaker and welsher, born and nursed in the slums of New York, raises himself by treachery, intrigue, and every possible wickedness, even murder, to the position of a peer, and becomes cabinet minister. He gains wealth chiefly by good luck, and money does the rest, according to the concluding motto of the book, *L'argent peut tout*. The only reason for mentioning the book is the fact that Lord Honeybourne's political career is written in the actual language of history, the names of Lord Salisbury and others being freely mentioned; and, Mr. Gladstone, under the thin disguise of "Mr. Harden," is the man who does most to help the fortunes of the scoundrel and finally gives him a peerage, whereupon the fellow becomes a Tory. No doubt under Mr. Gladstone's régime some questionable persons were given high rank, but that is no excuse for this wretchedly written story.

"The Burning Mist." By Garrett Leigh. London: Jarrold & Sons. 1894.

Browning's lines

"One night, he kissed
My soul out, in a burning mist,"

form the peg on which is hung a young man's first novel, a short story opening an "Unknown Authors" series. It is about a clergyman who, after marrying for position, continued to love, and be loved by, the woman he ought to have married. After years of self-restraint, he tells her, near the end of the book, of his passion, and kisses her during a great thunderstorm, after which she is found dead in a wood. There is also a secondary story of rather more interest, telling of a good man who married a somewhat remarkable woman after she had fallen, through the knavery of his cousin, the squire of the place.

"The Other Bond." By Dora Russell. London: Digby, Long & Co. 1894.

Dora Russell, the author of a number of works of fiction, understands her profession very well as a profession, for she can weave plots with not a little dexterity, even though her command of English sometimes fails her. "The Other Bond" is the story of three married couples, and some outsiders, all mismatched, having been forced, by various circumstances, to marry as they did. The hero's wife, after being abominably treated by the hero, becomes a maniac and murderess, and the heroine fails to get a divorce from her scape-grace cousin, Lord Falconer. Hero and heroine become dear friends, however, and are helpful companions through years of waiting, at the end of which they marry. If our readers feel any curiosity concerning the other characters, we must refer them to the book itself.

"In the Lion's Mouth." By Eleanor C. Price. London: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

"In the Lion's Mouth" is the story of two English children in France at the time of the Revolution. They are sent to a village called Mercy-le-Roy by an uncle, their guardian, who has sinister designs on their property. It is understood that they are come to be educated in a *bourgeois* family, that of a M. Durand, who later becomes mayor of Mercy and an ardent revolutionist. But the children are at once introduced by chance to the family of the Comte de Mercy. They are brother and sister, and both become much attached to the noble family who are the first to befriend them. It is their devotion to these friends, whose fortunes are suddenly ruined by the revolution, that brings both into danger, and the girl Betty narrowly escapes the guillotine. It is a thoroughly English story of English children, though the scene is laid in France. The writer does not go into the history of the revolution, except as it appears in the little village of Mercy-le-Roy, but her study is evidently drawn from trustworthy sources. The book is well written, and the lover of domestic novels of adventure will read it with mild interest.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Gossip of the Caribbees." By William R. H. Trowbridge, jun. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1895.

THE author of these "Sketches of Anglo-West-Indian Life" has written a rather portentous preface, in which he craves pardon if it should be found that he has "hurt the patriotic sensibilities of his compatriots." He has "tried to satirize without bitterness," and has no notion of "casting stones" at West Indian institutions. In short, he would have the reader know, he deals with types and has no individual in his mind. No doubt, West Indian society has changed greatly since the days when the brilliant and vivacious pen of Michael Scott was engaged in portraying it. The old style of planter has disappeared. The black population has also changed, perhaps more superficially, as is indicated in Mr. Trowbridge's "Obeah story." West Indians, however, must have acquired an extraordinary sensibility if they detect the smallest offence in these sketches. They are harmless enough, and by no means incisive or trenchant. Ladies who give themselves ridiculous airs like "Lady Marker," the Governor's wife, are not confined to one kind of colony, or, indeed, to any colonies. If Mr. Trowbridge's sketch of this lady, whose vanity leads her to usurp the functions of the Queen's representative to the best of her ability, appears to be life-like, it is doubtless because the drawing is

true to the type. And so it may be said of Mrs. Clarendon, and the rest of the colonial ladies depicted in this volume. In "Colonial Amenities," and some other sketches of the kind, Mr. Trowbridge gives sufficiently lively pictures of the recreations of a restricted and gossip-loving society.

"The Teaching of the Vedas." By Maurice Phillips. London: Longmans & Co. 1895.

"There is no book in the English language," Mr. Phillips remarks, "giving a popular, succinct, and yet adequate account of the teaching of the Vedas, the oldest records of the Aryan nations." The want here defined, which Mr. Phillips himself felt seriously when he went out to India as a missionary some thirty years since, is made good, on the whole, very successfully in the book before us. Mr. Phillips supplies the English reader with a useful handbook to Vedic literature and theology. His exposition of the teaching of the Vedas is sound in method and clear in statement. Perhaps certain distinctive terms he employs—such as "gods of poetry" and "gods of philosophy"—are open to misconstruction, or, at least, are a trifle inexact, but his interpretation and comment are generally acceptable. Some of the author's conclusions appear to be opposed to the Vedic text, or hard to reconcile with his exposition of that text. He observes, in the section on "The Origin of the Vedic concept God," that the Vedic gods were something more than mere phenomena of nature personified. It would be unjust, he rightly remarks, to style the Vedic doctrine simple "physiolatry." "They ascribed," he proceeds to say of the Vedic Aryans, "to the personified elements of nature the functions of creator, preserver, and ruler; and the attributes of infinity, omnipotence, omniscience, immortality, righteousness, holiness, and mercy." Now, on one page the writer says, "Personification implies the knowledge of a person," yet he concludes, on another page, that they were "ignorant of God as a definite Being separate from natural phenomena." But such inconsistencies, as they appear to us, in the commentary of Mr. Phillips, do not detract from the value of his book as a sound and explicit account of what the Vedas teach.

"The Viking Path." By J. J. Haldane Burgess, M.A. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1894.

The period and the scene of Mr. Haldane Burgess's romance are eminently of the kind to stir the imagination, and both alike are painted with excellent breadth and force in this picturesque story of the latter days of the Vikings. It tells of the meeting of the old order and the new, the struggle between the gods of Asgard and the advancing dawn of Christianity, a struggle which is admirably depicted in the warrior Thorvald. Although he has abandoned the Viking path, he is sorely tempted to take to it, and his mind is often as a "divided kingdom," and a true mirror of the conflict between the old gods and "the white Christ." There is still no lack of the ancient spirit, and plenty of charms to lure him to the seas and battle. Mr. Burgess has treated the theme with remarkable skill, and the scenes of feud and foray, by sea and land, are exceedingly spirited.

"Subject to Vanity." By Margaret Benson. London: Methuen & Co. 1895.

All who keep "pets," it matters not what the creatures may be, things of feather or of fur, are strongly commended to read this delightful book. Miss Benson understands animals—the home pets especially—with a completeness of sympathy and knowledge that is excessively rare. Her "Apologia pro Fele mea" is as delightful as anything we can recall in the literature of cat-life; and like the sketch of Pasht, the adorable Pasht, in "Clandestine Correspondence," would have charmed the soul of Gautier himself. That Miss Benson's studies of cats should suggest "Théo" and his—well, there is no higher praise, and it is thoroughly deserved. Some may like not less "Jack," and "A Faithful Friend," and "Kids of the Goat" (to name a few of the other sketches), and we could not but agree. "Jack," with its exquisite account of the nest-building of the canaries, is altogether excellent.

NOTES.

THE Cyclopædia of Names," edited by Benjamin E. Smith, M.A., managing editor of the "Century Dictionary" (Fisher Unwin), is something more than an ordinary dictionary of names. It embraces a larger field than is usual in such works. Thus not only does it include the proper names of persons, living and dead, associated with history, literature, art, politics, and so forth, but names in geography, mythology, and ethnology, party and sectarian names, sobriquets, and pseudonyms. "Names," in short, are treated in the broadest spirit of interpretation. We find in this comprehensive work not merely the name of a writer, but the titles of his works, and the names of characters in those books. The cyclopædic nature of the work is revealed on a consultation of its pages. We refer, for example, to the word "careless," and find the names of a character in Congreve's "Double Dealer," in Cibber's "Double Gallant," in Sheridan's "School for Scandal"; then we have "Colonel Careless" in "The Committee," by Sir R. Howard, "The Careless Husband" of Cibber, and "The Careless Lovers" of Ravenscroft. Dates and quotations are given in each instance. This is but one eminently useful feature of an excellent

compilation. The explanatory and definitive matter is concise and relevant, and the work generally is remarkably free from superfluities of any kind, such as are too often frequent in cyclopædic dictionaries.

Another word-book that calls for notice is the new and greatly improved edition, the sixth revision, of Dr. Robert Young's "Analytical Concordance to the Bible" (Edinburgh: G. A. Young & Co.), with an excellent series of maps and a new supplement on "Recent Exploration in Bible Lands," by the Rev. Dr. Thomas Nicol. The work is issued in four different forms, and various styles of bindings, at prices that are adapted to all classes, pupils, teachers, and students.

Among other new editions we note Dr. George Herschell's treatise on the study of diseases of the stomach, "Indigestion" (Baillière, Tindal & Co.), second edition, enlarged and rearranged, with a series of illustrative cases for practice and comment; the eleventh edition of that excellent manual, "The Chairman's Handbook," by Sir Reginald F. D. Palgrave, K.C.B. (Sampson Low & Co.); and the second edition of "Notes and Questions on the Catholic Faith and Religion," compiled chiefly from the works of Dr. Pusey (Innes & Co.).

We have also received "The Clergy Directory and Parish Guide" for 1895 (J. S. Phillips), a full alphabetical directory, with patronage and benefice lists, and other useful information; "The Metropolitan Householder's Guide," by Roland Ellis de Vesian (Horace Cox), a capital handbook on the legal position of the householder; "Urban Fire Protection," by Edwin O. Sachs (Batsford), a useful little book on a subject of importance to householders; "The Church Disestablishment and Disendowment," a pamphlet, by the Rev. Alfred Whitehead, M.A. (Kemshead); the "Quarterly Report" of the Palestine Exploration Fund (A. P. Watt); Part 10 of the English edition, by Professor Oliver, of Professor Kerner's "Natural History of Plants" (Blackie & Son), illustrated by admirable drawings; "The Art of Chess," by James Mason (Horace Cox), a treatise on the End Game, the Middle Game, and the Opening, with two hundred and fifty illustrative diagrams; "The Engineer's Year-Book" for 1895, by H. R. Kempe (Crosby Lockwood & Son), a practical handbook which should be found invaluable for daily use by all descriptions of engineers; the eighth issue of "Baconia" (Banks & Son); "Footpaths and Commons," considered in relation to Parish and District Councils, by Sir Robert Hunter (Cassell & Co.), a pamphlet to be commended to all who are interested in open-space preservation and rights of way; the fourth "Annual Report" of the Society for the Protection of Birds; and "My Weatherwise Companion," by B. T. (Blackwood & Sons), an entertaining little pocket-guide, based on what may be termed "natural lore," for those in doubt of the coming weather.

SOME TEXT-BOOKS.

"A Text-Book of Mechanical Engineering." By Wilfrid J. Lineham. London: Chapman & Hall. 1894.

IN the training of the practical engineer the laboratory and the lecture-room must ever be supplementary to the ruder school of the workshop and the drawing office, but it is now allowed that an intelligent acquaintance with the groundwork of engineering method and formulae need not dwarf that strong common-sense that has so long compelled mere "rule of thumb" to successful issue. In the interests of the apprentice engineer, Mr. Lineham set out with the considerable ambition of compressing into one volume the whole of the theory and practice of mechanical engineering, and, although his volume has run to some seven hundred and fifty pages, we congratulate him on having produced a thoroughly useful book. The work teems with illustrations, carefully drawn and admirably pertinent to the text, and the author has resisted the temptation to the promiscuous reproduction of overdrawn perspective which has reduced so many text-books to the level of the advertising pages of a technical journal.

"Laboratory Manual of Physics and Applied Electricity." Vol. II. Senior Course. By Prof. E. L. Nichols. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

Although Professor Nichols' manual is mainly concerned with description of methods used and results obtained in the physical laboratories of Cornell University, it is not thereby rendered useless to workers in other laboratories. Half the book is devoted to experiments in applied electricity, the remainder to investigations in heat and light. Dr. Bedell's account (pp. 91 to 201) of experiments with alternating electric currents is of special value, and gives access to much that had hitherto been lost in the scattered pages of technical journals.

"Elements of Astronomy." By G. W. Parker. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1894.

We cannot join Mr. Parker in his hope that his book may be found useful to the general public. All the more readily, however, can we commend it as an elementary text-book for examination purposes. The matter has been carefully chosen and is well arranged in convenient paragraphs. The illustrations are, as is usual in this class of book, delightfully diagrammatic.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

THE March number of the always attractive monthly review *Le Monde Illustré* (Paris: Quantin) is so stored with articles of interest, and so nearly a perfect representation of the ideal magazine, as we conceive it, that it is hard to select from an *embarras de richesses* anything for special praise. Literature, art, industries, domestic economy, sport, inventions, dress, cookery, all are well served by this delightful review. The excellent paper on the famous artist Honoré Daumier, by M. Constant de Tours, or M. Monn's entertaining study on the "Premières Origines du culte Napoléon," may be said to repay the subscription in itself. Then we have, in addition, M. Paul Avenel's article on "La Chanson," lucid as an exposition, exemplary as a criticism; M. Mario Bertaux's critical sketch of "Mlle. Augusta Holmes"; Mr. Charles Lallemand's pleasant account of a journey to the still mysterious Algerian "Souf"; M. Paul Meyan's note on fencing, and the present-day Parisian pursuit of the *savate* and the *boxe anglaise*; with other contributions, all good to read, and all admirably illustrated.

Harper's is strong in American subjects, though one of them, Mr. Caspar Whitney's "Fox Hunting in the United States," will be read with interest by many English people, now that the grip of frost is off the land. The illustrations give a good idea of the country hunted, typical fences and stone walls, and of hounds and hunters. Mr. Owen Wister's paper on "The Second Missouri Compromise," and Mr. Julian Ralph's descriptive article on the industries of Northern Alabama, Tennessee, and Georgia, are notable among the American articles, and the last named is illustrated by some excellent reproductions after photographs. We may mention also an interesting note on "The American Academy at Rome," by Royal Cortissoz.

In the *Century* a new field of travel is discussed by Harriet W. Preston in "Beyond the Adriatic," and illustrated with drawings by Mr. Pennell, of Zara, Sebenico, and Fiume. Mr. Henry Merwin's article on "The Horse Market," is interesting to all lovers of horses, and illustrated by clever drawings by Mr. Max Klepper. M. Emile Hovelague's well-considered study of the art of Jean Carriès is another contribution of importance to what is an excellent number.

Scribner's opens with "A History of the Last Quarter-Century in the United States," by Mr. Benjamin Andrews, a rather formidable undertaking for the pages of a magazine, though the writer deals clearly and discreetly with the difficulties which recent history, contentious matter as it is, presents to a contemporary historian. Mr. Noah Porter discusses the happy epoch "When Slavery went out of Politics," as a kind of Egyptian exodus which needs the finishing touch of the historian.

The *English Illustrated* is a good and well-varied number, with Mr. Julian Hawthorne's characteristic short story "The Hollow Ruby," a further chapter of Mr. Stanley Weyman's "Memoirs of a Minister of France," Mr. Anthony Hope's delightful sketch called "The Decree of Duke Deodonato," and Mr. Vizetelly's adventures in Armenia as a Bashi-Bazouk.

Fiction in short measures is strongly represented in the *Pall Mall* by Mr. Alden, Lord Ernest Hamilton, Mr. Headon Hill, and Mr. Guy Boothby. Mr. W. H. Mallock's paper on the "Census and the Condition of the People" is hopeful in tone, and illustrated by some odd-looking diagrams, which yet serve well enough. Mr. Besant's further chapter on Westminster history deals with a famous election contest chiefly, and is very well illustrated.

Of the remaining illustrated magazines *St. Nicholas*, with a charming jungle story by Mr. Rudyard Kipling; the *Minster*, with a delightful Devonshire sketch "Goosie Vair," by Mr. Baring Gould, and other attractive items; and *Atalanta*, prettily illustrated, as usual, may be described as fully up to their respective standards.

The *Senate* continues to show, both in the political and lighter contributions, the qualities of individuality and independence with which it signalized its appearance. We may note the quiet and somewhat Lamb-like pathos of "My Old Friend Death" by Mr. Alfred Egerton Hughes, and the grimly fantastic short stories of Mr. W. H. Pollock and Mr. Vincent O'Sullivan. There is, also, distinction of an uncommon order in the poetry; in the "Laus Virginitatis" of Mr. Arthur Symonds, in Mr. Sidney Thompson's sonnet "The Comforter," and in the stanzas by "Paganus" entitled "From Everlasting."

The leading attraction in *Longman's* is, of course, the late Mr. Froude's eighth lecture on "Elizabethan Seamen," which deals with Drake's enterprises and the effect of the "numbing hand" of the Queen on the spirit that directed them. Another article of historical interest is Mrs. W. E. H. Lecky's "Romance of a Stuart Princess," which relates the adventures of the Princess Clementina. In the "Sign of the Ship" Mr. Lang shows that he is vexed with "doubles," like most people, or rather that his "doubles" are troubled because of him.

We have also received the *Cornhill*; the *Woman at Home*; *Cassier's Magazine*; the *Artist*; the *Monthly Packet*; the *Musical Times*; *St. Luke's Magazine*; the *Argosy*; the *American Journal of Photography*; the *Classical Review*; the *Journal of the Royal United Service Institution*; the *London Home Monthly*; the *Child's Pictorial*; and the *Dawn of Day*.

XUM

AMUSEMENTS.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING at 8.30, and **SATURDAY MATINEES** at 2.30, by arrangement with the Carl Rosa Opera Company, Humperdinck's Fairy Opera **HANSEL AND GRETEL** (in English). Box Office now open.

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ROSSALL SCHOOL.—By Examination held at Rossall, and at Oxford, April 2nd, 3rd, 4th, about Fifteen Scholars will be Elected, Seniors under 15, Juniors under 14, on Lady Day.—Apply, **HEAD-MASTER, ROSSALL, FLEETWOOD.**

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CHELTHENHAM COLLEGE.—The ANNUAL EXAMINATION for SCHOLARSHIPS will be held on May 28, 29, 30. Eleven scholarships at least, of value ranging between £80 and £20 per annum, will be awarded. Chief subjects, Classics and Mathematics. Candidates must be under 15.—Apply to the **Secretary, The College, Cheltenham.**

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.—An EXAMINATION to fill up not less than eight resident, five non-resident, Queen's Scholarships, and two valuable Exhibitions, will take place in July next. Detailed information may be obtained from the **HEAD MASTER, Dean's Yard, Westminster.**

MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE.—THIRTEEN **SCHOLARSHIPS**, varying in value from £80 to £15 a year (giving immediate admission) will be competed for in June next. One of these Scholarships (£80) is confined to Candidates not yet members of the School; the rest are open to members of the School and others without distinction; three will be offered for proficiency in Mathematics. Age of Candidates from 10 to 17. Full particulars may be obtained on application to **Mr. F. J. LEADER, the College, Marlborough.**

BLUNDELL'S SCHOOL, Tiverton, Devon.—Seven (or more) SCHOLARSHIPS, under 15, will be AWARDED after Examination to be held **JUNE 20 and 21.**—Particulars may be obtained from the **HEAD MASTER.**

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TIMES.

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The undoubted fact that London is trending westward makes it every day more urgent that a large, perfectly constructed, and easily accessible Eye Hospital should be built to meet the imperative and constantly growing needs of the poor who come from all parts of the Metropolis and the United Kingdom.

The accommodation in the present building for both Out- and In-Patients is wholly inadequate to the daily increasing demand for relief. This will necessitate the rebuilding of the Hospital on a New Site, to provide which, and erect thereon an edifice replete with all the modern improvements rendered urgent by the rapid advance in Ophthalmic Science and Surgery, a sum of at least £50,000 will be required.

The Committee urgently appeal for New Annual Subscriptions for maintenance purposes, and they earnestly plead with the Benevolent to enable them to build the much-needed New Hospital.

Subscriptions and Donations should be sent to the Bankers, Messrs. Coutts & Co., Strand; Messrs. Drummond, Charing Cross; or to

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THE Committee of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution earnestly appeal to the British Public for Funds to enable them to maintain their 306 Life-Boats now on the Coast and their Crews in the most perfect state of efficiency. This can only be effected by a large and permanent annual income. The Annual Subscriptions, Donations and Dividends, are quite inadequate for the purpose.

The Institution granted Rewards for the Saving of 637 lives by the Life-Boats in 1894, and of 141 lives by fishing and other boats during the same period, the total number of lives, for the saving of which the Institution granted rewards in 1894 being 778. Total of lives saved, for which Rewards have been granted, from the Establishment of the Institution in 1824 to 31st December 1894, 38,633.

Annual Subscriptions and Donations will be thankfully received by the Secretary, Charles Dibdin, Esq., at the Institution, 14 John Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.; by the Bankers of the Institution, Messrs. Coutts & Co., 59 Strand; by all the other Bankers in the United Kingdom; and by all the Life-Boat Branches.

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Upon this Institution, founded in 1824 (the only one having for its object the protection of dumb and defenceless animals), rests a heavy responsibility. It is earnestly and respectfully submitted, that it has in consequence a strong claim upon the benevolence of the humane and charitable.

The Committee respectfully appeal to the Public to extend a hearty assistance—

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- II. By increasing the revenue of the Society by Annual Subscriptions, by Donations, by Testamentary Gifts, and particularly by inducing their friends to become members.

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Remittances may be forwarded to JOHN COLAM, *Secretary*.

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Children are admitted by election, on payment till elected, on purchase, on presentation, subject to the life of the donor.

A Cot for all time may be had for £450.

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URGENT NEED OF ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS AND DONATIONS.

Donations, Subscriptions, and Bequests are earnestly solicited, and will be gratefully received by Messrs. HERRIES & Co., Bankers, 16 St. James's Street, and by the SECRETARY, at the Offices, 12 Pall Mall, S.W., where all communications should be addressed.

WEMYSS, *Chairman*.

E. EVANS CRONK, *Secretary*.

THE GWELO (MATABELELAND) EXPLORATION AND DEVELOPMENT COMPANY, LIMITED.

CHAIRMAN OF DIRECTORS:

CHARLES J. FAUVEL, Esq., M.E., Assoc. M.I.M.E., &c.

Member of the Institute of Mining and Metallurgy.

THE DIRECTORS of the Gwelo (Matabeleland) Exploration and Development Company, Limited, take the earliest opportunity of making known the fact that after considerable delay, entailing much labour, they have secured for this Company, by purchase right out, the now well-known "New Glasgow Estate."

This acquisition will be appreciated by the Shareholders when it is known that a determined effort was made by a group of Johannesburg capitalists to establish a claim to a portion of the estate on the ground of prior "pegging."

The property has been taken over by this Company with a perfectly free title, which has been duly certified by the solicitors upon investigation, free of all encumbrances.

New Glasgow is situate 26 miles south of Victoria, on the main road leading from Victoria to Tuli.

The Estate has a frontage of five miles on the Tokwe River, and when it is borne in mind that this river is never dry, the advantages for mining purposes cannot be over-estimated.

EXPEDITIONS.

Provision has been made for a large working capital in order to provide not only for working the claims already acquired, but also to carry on prospecting work in this and other parts of the country, which work, as is well known, is highly remunerative when properly conducted. An expedition is now being organized for the purpose of locating further claims, and will be led by an explorer whose reputation for skill and integrity is well known to all mining investors.

PROSPECTS.

The Company will follow in the lines adopted by the Exploring Company, Willoughby's Mashonaland Syndicate, &c., and as showing the profitable nature of this class of work, it may be of interest to shareholders to show how these shares are appreciated in the stock markets at the present time. The following table will demonstrate the position at a glance:

NAME OF COMPANY.	Paid up per Share.	Latest price.	Premium per cent.
Rhodesia Exploration and Development Company	£1 ...	8½ ...	750
Rand-Rhodesia Company	£1 ...	2½ ...	125
Zambesia Exploring Company	£1 ...	3 ...	200
Exploring Company	£1 ...	4½ ...	325
Exploration Company	4s. ...	1½ ...	775
London and South African Exploration	10s. ...	10½ ...	2,000
London and Orange Free State Exploration	£1 ...	4½ ...	325
Mashonaland Development Company (Willoughby's)	£1 ...	2½ ...	150
Willoughby's Mashonaland Expedition Syndicate	£1 ...	12½ ...	1,150
Gwelo (Matabeleland) Exploration and Development Company (10s.)	7s. 6d. ...	10s. 6d. ...	40

The rapid development of the claims already acquired by the Gwelo Company apart from the New Glasgow Property, and the work of the Expeditions, will doubtless soon have their effect on the market price of the shares (now quoted at about 9s.), and the importance of the New Glasgow Estate is the principal reason of the Directors addressing the Shareholders at the present time, as it cannot fail to have an important influence on the nature of their property, and in advising the Shareholders this possibility has been borne in mind.

Information concerning other Properties and Claims acquired from **ARTHUR M. RHODES, Esq., J. E. Scott, and others:**

MINING CLAIMS.

(Situate E.N.E. of Bulawayo.)

Claims.	District.	Reef.	Registered Holders.	Certificate No.	Date of Certificate.
Sutton	20	Lower Gwelo	Sutton	J. E. Scott	1309 August 13, 1894.
Simpson	20	"	Simpson	Arthur Rhodes	1310 "
Anderson	20	"	Anderson	and Others	1312 "
Gosling	20	"	Gosling	"	1311 "
Blasson	20	"	Blasson	"	1308 "

These claims are situated in the Lower Gwelo District of Matabeleland, about 70 miles to the N.W. of the Gwelo Township, and 25 Miles N. of the Gwelo Drift, on the main road from Bulawayo to Hartley Hill, the distance from the former place being 105 miles.

The Directors would call the attention of the Shareholders to the various reports made by gentlemen of high standing, and bearing upon this property, as also to pages 61, 62, and 63 of the Chartered Company's Latest Report issued to the Shareholders, January 1895, extracts from which will be found in the Appendix.

MR. C. B. HENDERSON'S REPORT.

DEAR SIR,—I have been again over "NEW GLASGOW." I started the Victoria side of the Estate and walked the full length, five miles along the river, and turned at the bend, returned on Wednesday, taking a course through the centre, and finished up on Monday.

IMPORTANT.

You must not on any account start a township on this property: to offer it as such would be madness. You have one of the most valuable Estates on the Victoria District. I can find you people here who will take it off your hands, one of whom represents a London group of capitalists.

The Cotopaxi Reef runs right through your property, making a dip under the Tokwe, the Victoria end and the Dickens Reef, on the north, penetrates almost to the centre. I find that the natives must have been working here for many years, as the old workings testify, and I should say that work must have been carried on as late as 1892, judging from the appearance of the ground. The De Beers have purchased 500,000 acres on the west of you, the Willoughby Syndicate are on the east, and the Dickens on the north. On examining the register I find that the persons from whom you purchased were first in the district, otherwise Willoughby would have had this property. To my mind you have in "NEW GLASGOW" five miles of gold-bearing reefs, and I have traced the Cotopaxi Reef for a considerable distance through the property, and now send you samples of the quartz.

I should say that the true Dickens Reef is located on New Glasgow; in fact, I go further, I am positive such is the case. On some of the old workings, having a thickness of 4 to 6 and, in some places, 8 feet, the quartz pans well, and there is visible gold in abundance.

I don't know of another estate in this district where there are so many outcroppings indicating the presence of gold reefs.

The quartz crushed from the Cotopaxi assayed 4 ozs. 3 dwts. 2 grs., whilst the Dickens Reef gave 5 ozs. You have, on the north, five miles of a river frontage, with dry and abundance of timber. The plans sent you are correct in every detail. May I hope to hear from you soon?

Yours truly,

C. B. HENDERSON.

MR. U. P. SWINBURNE'S REPORT.

LONDON, February 18th, 1895.

DEAR SIR,—I have read Mr. Henderson's report dealing with the property known as "NEW GLASGOW" (6000 acres), situate on the Tokwe River, Victoria District, Mashonaland. From what I know of the Cotopaxi and Dickens Reef, in my capacity as late Manager at Few Sprits for the Mashonaland Agency, Limited, and also for Robert Williams & Co., and other companies, I can fully confirm Mr. Henderson's statements as to the value of "New Glasgow." The Prospects of the whole of this gold belt are most encouraging. Your holding, the "NEW GLASGOW," is situated on the south bank of the Tokwe River, south of the Dickens and Cotopaxi Reefs, and lying between the two, and the intrinsic value of your ground, situated as it is between two well-known and productive mining properties, cannot be for one moment doubted. There is an abundance of timber, and as you have a frontage of five miles on the Tokwe (never dry) there is every facility for working cheaply. I have found gold in the Tokwe, and other holes, when examining the sands. I am personally acquainted with the gentleman who pegged off the "NEW GLASGOW" Estate, and can testify to his unblemished character and veracity.

Yours truly,

U. P. SWINBURNE,

Associate Member Institute Mining & Met., F.G.S., &c., &c.,

MR. W. B. HARRIS'S REPORT.

LONDON, February 9th, 1895.

DEAR SIR,—In answer to yours, I beg to state that I pegged out the estate known as "NEW GLASGOW," Victoria District, and notified the Surveyor-General in the usual way, in conformity with the British South Africa Company's law, and was advised in due course that the land had been allotted to me.

Touching the gold discoveries, I know for a fact that considerable amount of surface gold has been found all along the river bounding the northern part of your estate for a distance of five miles or thereabouts, and I believe the natives have worked this surface gold formerly.

I know that the Dickens and Cotopaxi Reefs are very rich; for confirmation of this, I beg to refer you to the Chartered Company's reports recently issued, and the latest crushings, according to the *Financial News*, of the 6th of January, showing ½ oz. clear to the ton. I have read Mr. Henderson's report very carefully, and in face of the fact that I have been over the property myself, have no reason to doubt the statements contained therein.

Your property has, as I have already stated in my letters from Victoria, a frontage of five miles or thereabouts on the Tokwe River.

I am, yours faithfully,

W. B. HARRIS.

The Capital of the Gwelo (Matabeleland) Exploration and Development Company, Limited, is £250,000, in shares of 10s. each.

J. TUCKER, Secretary.

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